

March 4 10¢ Weekly
Pantomime
MOVIE TOPICS

Marion Davies

**WILD
LIFE**

IN HOLLYWOOD

By Myrtle Gebhart

—
Ruth Roland's Own
Recipes

—
Other Stories

By Norma Talmadge

Agnes Ayres Wallie Reid



Alfred Cheney Johnston

If They Only Told the Truth

(Continued from page 15)

"If you got it all down you got sumpin' you wouldn't get from no press agent. I don't think it will interest the public much cause we're spending a whole lot of money to guys who are writing the stuff the public likes, and it ain't nothin' like anything I have said."

"You mean I have your permission to publish all this?" I gasped.

"Go ahead, and let the fans know for once the reason for some of dese overnight stars. Give the boys and girls what is working hard and got de talent, and tryin' to earn dere money a chance to get in on de coin."

"You're crazy, Sadie," cried Marcus. "You're all troo if that stuff's printed."

"I'm all troo anyway," answered the star calmly. "You don't t'ink Best was kiddin' me about business holdin' him in New York, do youse? He's got another sweetie and I'm due for the skids, but I'm beatin' him to it." No one said anything.

"Huh, huh," she continued. "The guy you figured I was cheatin' Best wid. Well he's the white-haired boy in my young life. He's just been reinstated in his old job on the cops and has g t a half interest in a bootlegger's joint. Maybe I won't get as much publicity as I had, but I'm gettin' a guy I can love."

The rest in the room had already started figuring as to where they would land when the Dolores Dolly Productions went up. Dolores looked at them for a minute and then said:

"Lizzie, do your duty. We're all drinkin' to George Washington, the guy who could never have gotten anywheres in de movies."

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Props—the Pillar of the Movies

(Continued from page 12)

In a motion picture studio they have jokes on new property men just as in a newspaper office where the boy is sent out for a paper stretcher or striped ink. One of the standard ones around the Paramount studio is sending a new "props" out after a blue polar bear. The novice is told that a white polar bear will not photograph well because of a halation, it being explained that blue tablecloths are always used instead of white. After running to all the zoos and visiting all the animal trainers in the vicinity of the studio, the poor prop man has to return with the information that "there ain't no such animal."

A prop list for a picture is made up as soon as the cast, for often it is as hard to find a certain kind of a prop as it is to find the right actor for one of the parts. The property man is on the job just as soon as the continuity is finished, and he is busy from that time until the picture is finished.

It is literally true in motion picture making that there are props to the right of them—props

to the left of them—props all around them. Props!—without 'em there probably wouldn't be any movies.

"Have a thousand spears ready tomorrow morning."

That was the order of Joseph May, the noted European motion picture director, to his property man one day during the filming of "The Mistress of the World," the spectacular Ufa production which will be released soon in this country.

If May had asked for rifles or revolvers, the property man would not have worried, as such weapons are still painfully plentiful in Europe. But spears are rather a novelty west of Suez.

By searching diligently among the shops and costumers, the property man managed to locate twenty pikes of various sizes. But twenty was a long way from a thousand.

He was about to go to Director May and reluctantly report failure and suggest that the shooting of the contemplated scene be held up a few

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Now let's see how well you know them.

The lips pictured last week were those of Elliott Dexter and Claire Windsor

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Friend's address

days while the spears were being made in the studio carpenter shop, when a newspaper item caught his eye. A factory in a nearby city, he read, had just completed a large order of spears for the Spanish Government. These were to be shipped to Spain and used by Spanish soldiers in operations against the hill tribes in Morocco.

When Director May learned this, he made a quick trip to the factory and persuaded the management to loan him a thousand spears for two days. Equipment was thus provided for the numerous dark-skinned extras who appear as the African cannibal tribe.

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Here's a sort of a "White Shadows of the South Sea Isles" scene, from dainty Mary Miles Minter's picture, "Her Winning Way." The press agent said the company went all the way to the South Seas to get this location—but confidentially, we have a sneaking notion this picture was taken at Catalina Island—just a nice ride out from Los Angeles.

So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Cliff

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each week on this page, the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that, principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

TODAY may or may not mark an epoch in the motion picture industry. Will H. Hays deserts a cabinet post in the government of the United States to accept a \$150,000 post.

Beyond the fact that the motion picture industry is going to pay his salary little is known of the position he is going to occupy.

He has been referred to as coming into a position in relation to motion pictures similar to that occupied in baseball by Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis—supreme umpire or some such thing.

He is to head, according to the announcement, an organization of distributors and producers.

The press agent has been very vague as to what he is going to do, or as to what he is expected to do, or as to what he can hope to do. Statements congratulating themselves on securing his association and lauding Mr. Hays as a fine postmaster, have been issued.

These statements don't say anything. They resemble very strongly what press agents themselves call "pufficity."

If he is going to be supreme umpire of the movies, it is time somebody explained where he is going to get his authority from. Nine men hired him, and we venture a guess that there are at least ten in the industry.

There were two men pretty high in the industry who had no part in hiring him—which, by the way, brings the total up to eleven—who were discussing him.

"I wonder how Hays will make out with his new job," mused the first one. "McAdoo didn't accomplish much and he was a cabinet officer at the time the movies got him."

"Well, I think Hays has a better chance of making a success," argued the second. "McAdoo started on a definite job, and had something to do. Nobody knows what Hays is supposed to do, so if he does anything, he has done more than anybody expects him to do."

That's a pretty good expression of the way the new job is regarded within the industry.

We hope that it doesn't develop that Hays is nothing more than another Federal tax on motion pictures.

A metropolitan newspaper gets all het up over the idea that six-year-old Jackie Coogan has been quoted by a press agent as saying that by the time he is fifteen years old he intends to retire on the fortune he expects to be worth by that time.

The editor of the newspaper says:

"This is the logical conclusion of that silly worship of youth and all things young that characterize America."

"The average American family is dominated by children."

"This is bad for them and for everybody else. It makes them intolerant, selfish and disagreeable. And it reduces their parents to a state of peonage."

That's what an editor gets for not knowing press agent "hokum" when he sees it. Jackie Coogan is so keen on picture work that even a threat

to let him do no more when he is sixty years old would be a punishment for him.

We recall a trip made nearly a year ago when Jackie was in New York just at the time of the release of "The Kid." With his mother he went to Fox Hills hospital to do his bit in cheering up the wounded soldiers stationed there.

A passenger on the ferryboat, attracted by Jackie's appeal and without knowing who he was, gave him an orange. Jackie asked permission to eat the orange. His mother said no. About five minutes later Jackie asked

again, and Mrs. Coogan took the orange away from him and told him that unless he behaved himself they would go straight home. Jackie subsided for he had been much elated when told he was going to play with some real soldiers that had been hurt "over there."

If that is an example of a parent being dominated by a child, then motion pictures are a failure commercially.

And if having a child who can make the income at six years of Jackie Coogan is an example of peonage, then there should be a bigger demand for peon padrones than there is for bootleggers.

Leave it to the motion picture boys to make a big fuss about something the rest of the world regards as useless. Ever since some poet sang about "What's in a Name?" the tag put on anything has been generally accepted as something that doesn't amount to a string of paper mache tepees.

But the poet has sang his sing before Eddie Polo and Universal mutually agreed to disagree. Eddie immediately announces,—in fact, before it is generally known, that he is no longer with Universal; he announces—that with his own company he will make a serial, "Robinson Crusoe." Universal announces that Eddie has "unmade himself" in the same breath that it announces for release the latter part of this month "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

It sometimes gets worse, however. Griffith spent a lot of time and effort in addition to considerable kale to produce "The Two Orphans." When completed, he

found that the shysters of the trade had no less than four productions, all foreign made, which they intended to shoot out under the title of "The Two Orphans" to benefit through the Griffith advertising. Accordingly Griffith changed the title to "Orphans of the Storm," and the picture is just as good as it could have been under the title Dickens gave it when he wrote it.

And it is reported that there are seven different productions of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" in the St. Louis territory. Shades of the departed past!

The reason all this belongs in this column is that confusion of titles requires much publicity to straighten them out, much publicity requires many press agents, and many press agents make this page.

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Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—deter-

mines it because Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.

How They Play



Pauline Frederick and Tom Sanschi have a game all their own. They take their guns and then pick targets for each other and score the hits. The loser buys the cartridges for the next shootfest.



This looks like serious work, but William Russell declares that there is nothing in the world that can beat hunting wild animals as playtime diversion. Editors will never take up this sport. It costs too much for anybody but movie-folk



Peggy Shaw doesn't spend all of her off time playing with dolls but this one walks and talks. She got it from her mother on her eighteenth birthday, just a few days ago, and she's been with it, except when she was working, almost ever since. Baby dolls together, eh?



Jack Hoxie is really playing at riding here, for no one would expect such a little animal to carry such a big man very far. Incidentally, this might be a dandy steed for some of the chorus girls who try to ride in Central Park—not very far to fall.



Wanda Hawley probably won't like her art work classed as play, but the real enjoyment she gets out of it and the enthusiasm she has for it really make it that for her. The critics may not get so much pleasure out of it—but Wanda makes a pretty enough picture herself not to mind.

The Chicken Who Grew Real Wings

By Jefferson Machamer

A FEW years ago, on the stage of the principal theatre in Hull, Yorkshire, England, a number of kiddies from a singing and dancing school were gathered in a benefit performance for charity.

The last strains of the overture were dead. The curtain rose and the director in the pit raised his baton and struck attention for the opening chorus. The first notes of the orchestra's introductory bar taxed the theatre's acoustics and then softened gradually to the cue note where the kiddies should swing into song; but the cue passed without a *hirp* from the stage!

Again the introductory bar was played—and still no chirp—and again! The chorus of kiddies had forgotten what the bloomin' thing was all about.

Following a slight commotion in the last row of the chorus, a mass of golden hair was seen bobbing down-stage toward the director's pit. Emerging from the rest she presented a winsome lot of smile, green eyes, cherry cheeks, and fluffy-ruffleness. Advancing to the director without a semblance of shyness, she raised a tiny hand and bade him heed her. The fifth or sixth introductory repeat stopped, and in a crisp voice the little girl said—

"Go right on and play it! I know it and I'll sing it alone!"

Bearing? Nerve? Confidence? I should say so!!!

Today, in America, less than a year, Dorothy Mackaill, the little lady of nerve, after treading Broad-



in Paris, she embarked for these shores.

Her ambitions lay in the movie field, the seed having been planted during her knockabout work in English and French pictures, according to her mother.

At this juncture some curtains parted and the object of our quest breezed into the room. Her face was warm with the traditional English rose-bloom, but her expression was cold—immobile. She sat down beside us and said, "Well?"—smiled a tricky, mischievous smile and knocked us for a row of Egyptian ice cream freezers.

Being a bashful young man, a lump in our throat made us feel like an ostrich swallowing an orange whole without bothering to masticate it, and for the moment our tongue went limping among our teeth.

"You'll have to hurry,"—we were still chasing our tongue—"because I'm appearing in 'Good Morning, Dearie' and I'm due at the theatre very shortly," she said, as we crawled from the ice cream freezers and found our tongue.

"Wha—wha-a-a-a—what have you done since coming to America?" we queried, almost composed.

"Marshall Neilan liked my profile in 'The Lotus Eater' and cast me for the principal feminine role in one of his 'Bits of Life'—then Johnny Hines thought I was quite representative of the American girl type and I played opposite him in seven of his Torchy comedies—a lot



Drawn from Life
Jefferson Machamer



way's splintery boards, is well on her way up the greased pole of movie fame.

Sent by the editor of PANTOMIME to secure an interview and do a supplementary portrait sketch from life, we stumbled into the most pleasant food for reminiscence we've known since we took our pen in hand and—

So to her apartment in upper Central Park West, where she lives with her mother who only recently came from England. It was her mother who admitted us, explaining that her daughter had just reached home from the Charles Giblyn studio on Long Island, where she is doing an important part with Mother Mary Alden in the Giblyn production of Nalbro Bartley's "A Woman's Woman." She had motored in from the studio in her make-up and would see us as soon as it was removed. In the meantime her mother would answer questions.

So we shot a few and unearthed the lead paragraphs to this story—the Hull theatre incident—as well as a note or two about Miss Mackaill's instruction in dramatics in London, and her subsequent appearance there in an important part in "Joy Belles." It was in this show, we learned, that Ned Wayburn spied her and advised her of more fruitful opportunities in America. And, heeding this advice, after an engagement at the Casino

of people think I look like Marion Davies, do I?—and I was in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, where I was understudy to Kathlyn Martin—and now I'm being directed by Charles Giblyn in 'A Woman's Woman', starring Mary Alden. I'll be late at the theatre unless you are through questioning me!"

"What role are you doing in 'A Woman's Woman'?" we asked.

"Sally, and please see it and tell me what you think of it."

And before I could ask another question she extended an invitation to call again and was on her way to the Globe.

"Don't be offended," said her mom. "She's always like that—always up and going and doing. She's working too hard—what with the studio all day and the theatre half the night. But she's so energetic—conscientious—like a perpetual dynamo—and so set on her star of ambition that no end of argument could get her to ease up."

Then we *did* go back again—and made the sketch. Also we got three or four pictures. Two of 'em and the sketch are offered herewith for your verdict.

The others are on our *own* dresser.

The Flappiest Flapper

By Dorothy Craigie

SOME persons are born to be interviewed. Others acquire the habit. Still others have the deadly task thrust upon them.

To this last-named class belongs Pauline Garon, flappiest of the flappers—the petite bit of fluff and frills who is playing opposite that extremely interesting young star, Richard Barthelmess, in his latest production, "Sonny," soon to appear on the silver sheet.

"Dear me! Must I be interviewed? And about what?" queried Miss Pauline, as she sat "at ease" for a few minutes in Inspiration Pictures studio, waiting for the call of Director Henry King that her next scene was to be "shot."

"At ease" in the short skirts of the super-young thing whom Pauline plays in "Sonny" meant an extremely graceful perch on the end of an old table in a far distant corner of the studio while she dangled and

Right—She's not yet eighteen—but she wants to play "woman of the world" parts.

Below—She says she'd rather play with Barthelmess than anyone she knows.



swung her—shall we say legs?—and hummed to herself in the sheer ecstasy of a few moments' rest. For this motion picture game is a serious and an arduous one, even for the "peppy" youngsters who fill the studios nowadays.



She has the role of a super-young thing in super-short skirts.

I politely murmured something about the "public being interested in your career and ideas," and a silvery laugh was my first response coming from the swinger of the—shall we say limbs?

"Well, why don't you ask me some questions then?" she queried in mock seriousness.

"Does one have to be chic to be a chicken?" I demanded.

The silvery laugh was forthcoming again.

"Yes, just the same as one has to be flip to be a flapper," she came back. After that things went along fine.

"You don't look American," I informed her bluntly, hazily trying to place her.

"Well, I'm not—except by adoption, of course," was the answer. "I was born in France, but I am a naturalized Canadian, having come to Canada when I was seven years old, and having lived all my life there until I came to this country."

French-Canadian-American, I puzzled.

"Oh, sort of a triple entente," I hazarded. Again the throaty laugh. "Yes, but no League of Nations, mind you," she answered.

"All my life," she continued, "I have been a British subject. I have always longed for America—more particularly for New York. I came here a few years ago, intent on what I don't know. Merely to live here and see the wonderful sights. I had had ambitions to be a great artist or singer. Instead I landed on the stage. And I loved it."

"I had only been in New York a few weeks when I was engaged to play in 'A Lonely Romeo' with Lew Fields. I have been on the stage ever since and now I am in motion pictures, and I love them best of all."

"I was the little French girl with Peggy Wood in 'Buddies' and I was starred in 'Sonny' when it was on Broadway. But the film play is going to be infinitely more beautiful than the stage production. I like it better than any part I have ever played. I would rather play opposite Mr. Barthelmess than any man I have appeared with. His work is marvelous."

"Just at present, too, you know I am in 'Lilies of the Field'. In addition, I spent two and a half years with Mr. Griffith in his productions. I have done the 'Power Within,' which is now being shown in motion picture theatres throughout the country, and I have just completed a picture with Owen Moore called 'Sink or Swim,' which is to be released in March. There you have the sum total of my career," and she ended with her customary laugh.

What a voice! Such grace! I was marveling to myself, unaware that she was finished speaking.

"Where did you learn such wonderful voice modulation?" I finally queried.

"I suppose in the convent where I was educated," she answered diffidently. "I was in a convent at the Saulte for seven and one-half years, and learned everything it is customary for a girl to learn—singing, speaking, elocution, a touch of dramatics, languages and English."

"Miss Garon, what is the chief interest in your life?" was the next question I plied.

Without hesitation came back the answer: "My mother. All my work, all my life is bent on the one object to make my dear little mother happy and proud of me. And I'm sure she is. She was here in New York a while ago, happy as a kid. We're just like chums." Oh, I wouldn't trade my mother for all the other honors in the world."

"Miss Garon," came the call from the busy end of the studio, and with a last swing of her—shall we say pedal extremities?—she was off the table.

"Come again some time when I'm not flapping," she cooed, starting to run across the floor.



A Talmadge Talkie

By Norma Talmadge

HAMLET wasn't the only person who ever soliloquized, though he seems to have been the only person of any age, apparently, who had the good taste to do it in his own room. Nowadays, the personal chat with one's self about one's own affairs takes place preferably in a 'bus or trolley or cafe. Not that people sit and talk to themselves; not that. They are ostensibly talking to a companion who usually can't get a word in sideways.

One did yesterday. I was sitting in a restaurant waiting to be handed a menu. I



thought the girl in question was a waitress; she was dressed like one and paid to be one. But she wasn't. She was a professional soliloquist. Her speech to her listening girl friend ran like this, while I did the waiting—for food. "Say, I like service. And lots of it. Might as well go where you get the best, huh?—since the money you pay out's always the same. That's my motto. Where I go, now, the girl who shampoos my hair ain't the one who does my nails nor the one who marcel's me, ain't the one who does my eyebrows. But the one who gives my facial's the one who shampoos me. Ain't that service, tho?"

"It ain't," I said to myself, and rose to go.

MY director and I were working over the casting of a new cinema recently. We were hunting for an actress who would fit a certain part. Or rather, one who would walk the part, as her carriage was of the most importance.

She was supposed to play a duchess, the locale of the story being laid where duchesses moved freely in the plot. And she had to walk like one. Some of the "movie" duchesses I have engaged for pictures from time to time, were the most splendid examples of our great democracy I have ever seen! The moment they walked on the set one knew they had never heard of Burke's Peerage or, if they had, would ask if it had a happy ending. Now my director and I agreed that this one must have a royal walk.

We sent a group of ambitious "extras" into a corner out of the way of some cleaning women who had appeared, and started our quest. What we saw was what you might see on Fifth Avenue any afternoon,



or on Main Street in Oshkosh, Michigan, for women's walks have naught to do with making a successful movie actress. Some of the women strutted, some slunk. Some used a Carmen swagger which the director pointed out was, for a prospective duchess, all wrong.

Suddenly, back of a thin screen behind which a powerful light played, a woman's figure moved in silhouette. Head and shoulders were erect. The body moved with majestic ease and poise. "There's our duchess, Miss Talmadge," the director cried. "Someone call her from behind the screen."

It was one of the scrubwomen, pail in hand, on her way to mop up the floor! Superbly

she walked by us, treading the studio canvas as though it were a marble floor.

PRETENDING is my profession, as it is of every actress. In one film I pretend I am a daughter of the underworld. In another, I am the smart wife of a New York banker. In a third I must persuade myself I am the gay-hearted child of an Irish gentleman. My success with critics and public depends upon my ability to make these pretenses seem real. To make them seem real not only to myself but to others.

I came to the studio the other day discouraged over a new role. I couldn't pretend it to suit myself. "It doesn't come, somehow—that character," I said to my mother. "Pretend harder," she advised. "Pretend the way

We invited Norma Talmadge to write something for PANTOMIME.

"But what on earth shall I write about?" she asked.

"Anything at all that strikes your fancy," we told her—and the following is the result. It's particularly interesting because it rambles on in Norma's own delightful way, with no particular sequence—or that word so beloved by movie writers—continuity.

"I'M not pretending," she said loftily. "I AM a princess."

"I believe you," I admitted gravely. "And thanks for your advice on my new role. Mother, good actresses and children don't merely pretend. They actually believe!"

"MR. AND MRS." are Everyman and Everywoman after they settle down. Also every robin and his wife. I discovered after an hour in a cherry-tree at my summer home at Bayside, Long Island.

The cherries being ripe in the orchard. Constance and I suggested picking them. Peg—we always call mother by her first name—dreaming of cherry pie, said, "Do, dears," immediately, and even told us where the gardener had left the ladders. That meant we had to!

Our arrival at the trees persuaded a Mrs. Robin, living near by, of an imminent cherry shortage, so Mrs. called Mr. from the hedge. "Henry," she chirped, "for pity's sake look at those creatures in our tree. Scare them out! Obediently Mr. Robin flew at us, squawking fiercely. Then, when we waved to him, and went right on picking, he flew to Mrs. and twittered. "It's no use, my dear, these persons are shockingly bad mannered. I told them it was our tree and they merely laughed. What can a chap do with people like that?"

"He might try scaring them again," Mrs. chirped acidly. There followed another swoop at us and another terrified squawk. "I threatened them, this time, and saw the little dark one shake. Come inside, dearest. They'll leave shortly." "Yes," shrilled Mrs. Robin, "and our cherries with them. At them again, Henry, if you're the man

you say you are. Heavens! There's many a robin I might have married who—Henry! They've got a painful now!"

He flew at us again, desperately this time. Then he retreated to his hedge to scold and swagger. Occasionally, he yelled to his wife not to worry: "that he'd fix us in a minute. But with a contemptuous flirt of her tail she flew off, disgusted.

"Connie," I said laughingly, "allow me to introduce you to the eternal 'Mr. and Mrs.'"

I DON'T suppose any page could ever be complete if written by a new resident of Los Angeles if it did not contain a glowing eulogy of California. We have found it delightful, but are really apprehensive about what will happen after we have been here a few weeks. You know in the East the weather furnishes considerable casual conversation—it is a safe subject to discuss with anyone you chance to meet.

In California you are deprived of the weather as something to talk about. Delightful days succeed delightful days and therefore it is taken as a matter of course and never mentioned. At present we get along nicely as we can use our impressions of the country—being new residents—as a thing to fill in conversations. Soon, however, we will be old-timers and then what can we say to the host of strangers one is bound to meet?

However, that is something that can wait, and in the meantime, Connie and I are over at the Keatons spending every available minute with Natalie, just as busy as prospective aunts can be.



More Todelings by Eustace

By Our Office Boy

MEMBER I tole yuh I wuz agoin' to tell about de time I went out to put on de feed bag in one o' dem Frenchy eatin' places? It wuz de day we moved. We all woiked late and de Boss giv me my supper money.

He must 'uv felt awful good like, 'cause he handed me a two case note. Mebbly he made a mistake. But I never makes a peep and beats it out de office.

So I ambles up de street near our new office—lamps a resterant wid a Frenchy lookin' name on a 'lectric sign across de way—an' eases myself over and into de place.

Gee! It wuz funny lookin' to me. Lots o' little tables. Not much light. Lots o' cigarette smoke—mostly from women. A lady at a pianner and a fiddler makin' a lot o' jazz music wot yuh could hardly hear 'count all de noise. All de peepul wuz talkin' at once and all de dishes rattlin'.

But dey got plenty quiet when a little doll comes out wearin' fur an' tights, and nothin' else much but a smile. Dis doll leaps up on top of de piano, hugs her knees, an' starts singin'. Her picture's down at de bottom of de page. You kin look her over fer yerself. She almost made me fergit me appetite.

She wasn't doin' it fer jack, neither. Her name is Josephine Hill, I learns, an' she works fer Christie studios, out in Hollywood. Her hoppin' on de piano in all dem fur clothes wuz just a press agent stunt. Dey're always pullin' somethin' like that around here.

Anyhow, I slips me lid into me pocket, and plants me feet under a little table by de wall wot wuz nearest to me. Nobody seemed to see me fer a helluva time. Den finally a waiter guy comes over, an' says, "Wotcha want?" rough like.

"I wanna put on de feed bag," I says.

"Yuh can't do it here," says he. "Beat it fer de ham-an'-beans house up to de corner."

I made up me mind dat guy weren't goin' to gimme no bum's rush outta eatin' in dat place. I digs down in me pocket and hauls out de Boss's two-case note and flashes it, to show him I could pay fer his old dinner—an' rite away yuh should 'a' seen him git nicer n' pie. It sure is funny how money talks. So he brings me a glass o' water—some bread wot wuz cut slantin' n' a little square piece o' butter and den hustles off fer de real grub.

He wuz back in a jiffy wid a plate on wot wuz half a egg wid a piece o' termatter and a slice o' sumpin' else wot I didn't know, covered up wid a lot o' sauce. It didn't look like much, but honest-to-God, it tasted fine. Den he brung a great big bowl o' soup. Gee! Some soup! They wuz all kinds o' beans in it an' all sizes o' peas. I fills me bowl twice.

Next he cum trottin' out a platter wid a coupla slices o' meat and sum smashed taters, wot I didn't care none 'bout, 'cause it tasted like wot I gits at home. "I knew it wuz too good to last," I says to myself. "I'm stung." So I jest messed the stuff up so they couldn't pass it off on nobody else. I didn't eat none.

De waiter guy sees I don't eat none, and takes it away. I'm gettin' ready to leave, darn good and sore, when he comes back an' plumps down a big platter full o' chicken, all dressed up wid a white paper collar 'round a leg wot wuz stickin' up, an' a dish o' aspergrass an' a dish o' lettuce.

De sight o' dat chicken took away all my mad. Boy! Don't ask me none how I liked it. I didn't look up none from me plate till dere wuz nuttin' left but de bones.

Den I pushes back me plate, straightens up kinder, and feels so stuffed full I haster open up me belt and ease off me stummick a bit.

And just den when I wuz feelin' satisfied like an' thinkin' wot a nice place de ole world wuz after all—and how sweet de music sounded, an' lookin' all roun' me, over comes a peachy dame wot had been settin' at a table wid a bunch o' swells and sez: "Ain't che frum PANTOMIME?"

I sez: "Yep," and she sez: "Oh, ain't that grand? Will yuh do us a faver an' giv' us a tip on some inside way to cop off a lot uv votes fer dat dere conte t yer runnin'?"

She musta taken me for de Boss. So I swelled up an' looked real serious like, yuh know, like de Boss does (only dat's a bluff wid him), an' I says: "Lady," sez I, "bein' on de inside can't give yuh no info 'cept this: Everybody wot gits in de race can git a five-dollar gold piece fer sendin' in thirty dollers' worth of subscriptions before April 8th. De Reader's Coupons cunts up fast, too. Dey brings thirty votes each and all anybody has to do, if dey wants to git in de race, is send in one o' dem Reader's Coupons wot's in de fir t page o' PANTOMIME. Dem wot gits de most votes also gits automobiles—six of 'em. Also ninety-six funnygrafs.

She looked like she though that'd be work and den I says, like I heard de Boss tell 'em: "Anybody oughter be able to git a thousand votes—that's only one six months' subscription—and anybody's friend would easy give 'em dat much. Dey gits t'ree t'ousand votes fer a year's subscription. Gee! It's a cinch—an' dey's only a few after dem prizes, too!

Den dat dame tries to vamp me. Honest. But I'm a twenty-minnit egg, and t'ick-skinned, an' de dame wot kin vamp me ain't bin borned yit. She says a mouthful o' sweet woids but dey don't mean nothin' to yours truly an' pretty soon her gang yells fer her to come over to her table an' she leaves me, sayin' she'll see me later.

You know it's funny to see how some peepul gits along in this world—how they gits anybody to do anything fer 'im.

You take de guy wot looks after de subscription race. He's de most onriest, cussedest gink wot ever wuz. And he's not de nicest goil lookin' after things fer 'im. Fer nuttin' atall he rats at her. Wot you s'pose he says to her t'other mornin'? Tole her it wuz all her fault they ain't as many people tryin' to git the hundred prizes as they is prizes—and if she don't rite her letters better, he's goin' to git somebody else wot can make 'em git in de game.

(Continued on Page 28)

Stars in the \$22,000 Race

| Name | Votes |
|--|-------|
| G. REICHMAN, New York City | 9090 |
| J. A. Fisher, Montello, Mass. | 6000 |
| J. Kischer, New York City | 3000 |
| L. Rumpakia, Portland, Ore. | 2000 |
| B. W. Sims, Pensacola, Fla. | 1030 |
| J. P. Oppenheim, New York City | 120 |
| F. Appen, Scranton, Pa. | 30 |
| Rebecca Adams, Joliet, Ill. | 30 |
| B. Alms, Cullman, Ala. | 30 |
| J. Atkins, Rockford, Ill. | 30 |
| Dora Biendorff, Omaha, Neb. | 30 |
| J. Blatnik, Cleveland, O. | 30 |
| C. W. Bostic, Greenwood, S. C. | 30 |
| F. Baca, St. Louis, Mo. | 30 |
| P. D. J. Beekman, New York City | 30 |
| A. Baba, Bradock, Pa. | 30 |
| F. Burpee, Springfield, Mass. | 30 |
| Etta Campbell, Gloversville, N. Y. | 30 |
| Helen Carroll, Edinburg, Tex. | 30 |
| C. L. Christianson, Ft. Wadsworth, N. Y. | 30 |
| A. Ane Comite, Newark, N. J. | 30 |
| E. B. Cottrell, Richmond, Va. | 30 |
| P. I. Clemons, Mobile, Ala. | 30 |
| M. Cammack, Newton, Ia. | 30 |
| G. De Mistro, Detroit, Mich. | 30 |
| Anna Duan, Chicago, Ill. | 30 |
| J. E. Dearing, Aberdeen Wash. | 30 |
| G. Davis, Aurora, Ind. | 30 |
| Jaunita Eyer, Chicago, Ill. | 30 |
| C. Estep, Huntington Beach, Cal. | 30 |
| A. V. Evans, Franklin, Ohio | 30 |
| Mildred Fagan, Shelbyville, Ill. | 30 |
| Bertha M. Ferguson, Clarksville, Tenn. | 30 |
| O. Guerin, Ottawa, Ont. | 30 |
| A. G. Ganoung, Olean, N. Y. | 30 |
| J. Gazas, Cleveland, O. | 30 |
| H. H. Glidden, Quantico, Va. | 30 |
| Louise Hammock, Kanova, W. Va. | 30 |
| W. K. Hoblitzell, Somerset, Pa. | 30 |
| Maddeline Hoeb, Brooklyn, N. Y. | 30 |
| Grace Holt, Leavenworth, Kan. | 30 |
| H. C. Honan, Ockley, Ind. | 30 |
| Susie H. Horn, Rochester, N. Y. | 30 |
| Eva B. Hamilton, Providence, R. I. | 30 |
| R. I. Harris, Kansas City, Mo. | 30 |
| B. Hickey, Alton Park, Tenn. | 30 |
| J. A. Hyder, Spartanburg, S. C. | 30 |
| Mrs. B. L. Henderson, Hopkinsville, Ky. | 30 |
| A. C. Irvin, Paris, Tenn. | 30 |
| R. Johnson, Kansas City, Mo. | 30 |
| C. F. Jacob, Chicago, Ill. | 30 |
| Anne Jennings, Portland, Ore. | 30 |
| G. Joseph, Alameda, Cal. | 30 |
| Kaza Kubick, New Bedford, Mass. | 30 |
| M. R. Keaton, Houston, Tex. | 30 |
| L. M. Kinney, Lander, Wyo. | 30 |
| J. Koschoreck, Chicago, Ill. | 30 |
| P. Q. Ledbetter, Moline, Ill. | 30 |
| E. Love, Chicago, Ill. | 30 |
| V. Latham, E. Palestine, O. | 30 |
| J. W. Martin, Fairmont, W. Va. | 30 |
| D. McIntyre, Laurinburg, N. C. | 30 |
| Miss V. McLaughlin, Ottawa, Ont. | 30 |
| A. Marcum, Norton, Va. | 30 |
| Miss Lucille Moniez, Pekin, Ill. | 30 |
| Elma Manson, St. Joseph, Mo. | 30 |
| H. Moore, Albion, Neb. | 30 |
| R. Norman, Moultrie, Ga. | 30 |
| W. Norton, Fall River, Mass. | 30 |
| J. H. O'Neill, Rome, N. Y. | 30 |
| L. W. Prairie, Glens Falls, N. Y. | 30 |
| G. H. Pickett, San Diego, Cal. | 30 |
| J. E. Perry, Lawton, Okla. | 30 |
| Mabel Pearce, Poplar Bluff, Mo. | 30 |
| Mrs. J. S. Renco, St. Louis, Mo. | 30 |
| R. E. Rhoten, Hillsboro, Ohio | 30 |
| V. L. Rommell, Pasadena, Cal. | 30 |
| Mary Schulman, Baltimore, Md. | 30 |
| H. C. Schumard, Dodge City, Kan. | 30 |
| M. Simmons, Toronto, Ont. | 30 |
| Eleanor Small, Washington, D. C. | 30 |
| Marjorie Small, Washington, D. C. | 30 |
| C. D. Sutherland, Clinchoo, Va. | 30 |
| W. A. Simpson, Omaha, Neb. | 30 |
| W. B. Sprague, Freeport, Ill. | 30 |



Pantomime

By Myrtle Gebhart



Paraphrasy

from Hollywood

MARY and Doug plan to return to New York for about three weeks, to attend a lawsuit and arrange business matters pertaining to Doug's next picture. Mary hopes yet to film a picture abroad.

"But it won't be a desert picture," says she ruefully. "My dreams of the desert are shattered. There aren't any romantic Arabs. Maybe the good-looking ones of romance have all died off. If I could get a Sheik with trading stamps, I'd pass him up."

Mary and her camel didn't get along well. He "rocked the boat" so that she became "seasick."



Mary Miles Minter is finding life a series of ups and downs.

"Life," sighs Mary Miles Minter, as she starts on another journey down the well-shaft, "is a series of ups and downs." She has been playing elevator in a well for a part in "The Heart Specialist," and has been thrown down the shaft sixty times so far. "Ding-dong bell, Rover's down the well," I sang gleefully. But M. M. M. couldn't see the joke.

You can fly without danger at the Hal Roach studios now. Yesterday I did a little Eva through the clouds—safely anchored to a cable-line. The cable tramway for airplanes is 150 feet high and 200 feet long and carries over six tons, which was adequate allowance for Snub Pollard and me. Look for some air-comedies soon.

Teddy, the famous dog star who was injured in a fall from a tree, is rapidly recovering.

Helen Ferguson is back with Dave Butler's company from Tehachapi, with a laurel wreath won in a fair fight with the town's bully, who was kicking a yellow mongrel dog belonging to a kid. Helen stood it as long as she could and then she sailed in and gave the bully a good trimming. The kids gave her a parade.



They were sure Marie Mosquini was just an extra.

Marie Mosquini, all decked out in crown and robes of royalty which she wears in Snub Pollard's Oriental comedy, was lunching at a restaurant in Culver City frequented by extras from other studios. Behind Marie trailed four gentlemen—Marie is one of those young ladies who can't shake their persistent cavaliers, no matter how weakly they try.

"Bet she's a leading-lady," offered an extra at a nearby table.

"Nope, even if she is all dolled up like a Christmas tree," said another. "She's eating with four men. Leading ladies eat alone. She's an extra!"

Jack Mulhall was born in Wappinger's Falls, a small, exceedingly small, town in New York. His youth was largely occupied in such occupations as "hooking" apples, snowballing the town deacons and putting salt in the ice cream intended for Sunday School socials. Recently he met a friend of his childhood, Helen Dryden, famous artist and sculptor.

"They're very proud of you in Wappinger's Falls," she informed Jack. "You'll get a great reception if you ever go back."

"Reception is right!" retorted Jack. "Unless all the old-timers are dead I'll need a suit of mail and a flock of lawyers!"

Jack Dempsey says he isn't going to marry Bebe Daniels. So there! Though he does think she's "a wonderful girl and all that sort of thing."

'Twas much-ado-about-soup at Universal the other day. Lloyd Ingraham, directing Gladys Walton in "Second Hand Rose," insisted that real soup be cooking over the gas burner, neither too hot nor too cold. Had it been too hot the density of the steam would have hindered the photography and if it hadn't been hot enough, it wouldn't have photographed naturally. Nobody seemed inclined to offer me any of the soup, so I left. The temperature of soup does not excite me—unless I am invited to partake of it.

Wallie Reid's mother is visiting him and his lovely wife and boy.

Frank Mayo will have to "tell it to the judge." For Frank was stepping on it to the tune of forty miles an hour when a speed cop happened along. "But I've got to get to town," said Frank. "My wife is going to call me on the telephone from New York."

"Costs a lot to chatter across the continent," mused the cop. "Guess I'll keep you here long enough so you'll miss the call and save all that money."

And he did.

Bull Montana has a rival! Handsome Jack Gilbert has a "cauliflower" nose. When motor-ing past the Ambassador golf links, his nose and a stray ball collided. And now, if you want to pick a fight with Jack, yell "Fore."

Mary Pickford and her mother are preparing plans for a new home which Mrs. Pickford will build here.

Rumor here has it that Cecil B. De Mille will direct Pola Negri, when she arrives here to warm up the Lasky lot.

Madge Bellamy, Thomas H. Ince's latest "discovery," finished her last scene with Douglas MacLean in "The Hottentot" and walked over to the next stage, discarded her silvery evening gown for a quaint purple and gold tight-bodied, billow-skirted "antique" dress and plunged into work for "Lorna Doone," which Maurice Tourneur is producing.

Yesterday her arms were bruised from the "rough" scenes where "Lorna" is forced to marry—and her mother tells me she woke up in the middle of the night crying, the scene was so realistic in her memory. I'm getting worried about Madge. She works too hard, takes herself too seriously. What she needs is a sweetheart, but she can't "see" the men at all. Mother and home and work, that's all. Mr. Ince is planning big things for her.

I was perfectly shocked on the Guy Bates Post "set" today. Post has introduced Hawaiian music in the filming of "The Masquerader" to lure his emotional expression—and now everybody is doing the hula. Everybody except Post, that is. And me. I never shimmy. in the studios.

Hous Peters, Virginia Valli and their company with Reginald Barker, director, got snow-bound at Big Bear Lake. They wirelessed for help and the chief engineer of Universal went to their rescue with a ten-ton generator truck, loaded with provisions.

The Hal Roach studio was standing on its head the other day and going through all its repertoire of tricks—for the amusement of a young gentleman aged four weeks, Gaylord Harold Lloyd, who seemed terribly bored by the folks' antics. It was his first visit to the studio on the arm of proud papa Gaylord and he hasn't yet expressed his opinion of the film-industry.

George Melford has returned from New York and will commence soon on "The Cat That Walked Alone," which I consider a poor title for a Dorothy Dalton picture.

Tom Moore has signed up with Famous Players-Lasky to play in the next Penrhyn Stanlaws picture starring Betty Compson. Mr. Stanlaws has completed the most important thing about the picture. No, the camera hasn't started "shooting." He has merely changed the name from "She of the Triple Chevron," which its papa, Sir Gilbert Parker, christened it, to "Over the Border." Mr. Stanlaws now feels free to engage his mind with the direction of the picture.

Moore plays the role of Sergt. Tom Flathery (guess his nationality!) and will be called upon to do a number of athletic stunts. Betty Compson has been taking snow-shoe lessons over the sands at the beach! It is more than likely that Moore will sign a long-term contract with Lasky.

"Beanie" Walker, of Harold Lloyd's company, is going to be an old maid, I just know. He's always bringing in stray cats. The other day he augmented the studio's "personnel" with a Maltese and her five children. "Beanie" spends forty cents daily on cat menus. I'll know where to go next time I get hungry. Though, to be sure, that's a perpetual state with me.

When Wallace Reid finishes speeding "Across the Continent" in his six-cylinder Byron Morgan play, he will film Richard Harding Davis' "The Dictator," in which Willie Collier starred on the stage. Can't you just imagine Wallie "dictating" with those irresistible eyebrows of his? He gave them a rest and used his fists in "The World's Champion," and speeds Wallie Reid will soon start on Richard Harding Davis' "The Dictator". with his foot on the accelerator in "Across the Continent"—so I vote we ladies hold a housewarming to welcome his eyebrows back again.

Jack Holt is doing another role guaranteed to cause any number of other fellows to "Go West, young man," in his new story, "Val of Paradise."

Dorothy Arzner, film editor in the Realart division of Famous Players-Lasky, reached home late one night, finding her mother absent and burglars present.

"Get out of here!" said plucky Dorothy. "And make it snappy!"

The men obeyed without loss of time. When she looked around, Dorothy found that they had taken about a thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. Now she's wondering if she didn't "cut the scene" too soon. "Maybe I could have 'changed the continuity of the climax,'" she says ruefully, "and saved my treasures."



Tom Moore has signed up to play opposite Betty Compson.



Wallie Reid will soon start on Richard Harding Davis' "The Dictator".

The Passing of a Hundred Stars

By Charles L. Gartner

THE fickleness of the movie fan is the bane of the movie actor's existence. One day might find a movie star a country-wide favorite. One month later this same star is liable to find himself supplanted by another.

The trouble is that the average movie fan goes to the theatre so often that he is apt to forget all about a picture—unless it is an extraordinary

Herbert Bosworth, Pauline Frederick and George Beban. Of these, only John Barrymore, House Peters, William Farnum, Dustin Farnum, Hobart Bosworth and Pauline Frederick remain in the memory of the present-day movie fan.

Names unfamiliar to the present generation, but which meant crowded theatres in those days are, Henry Dixie, Charlotte Ives, Jane Grey,

Kathleen Emerson, Edith Wynne Mathison, Alice Dovey, Winifred Kingston and Wallace Eddinger.

Other names more familiar are H. B. Warner, Henrietta Crossman, Bertha Kalish, Sessue Hayakawa, Macklyn Arbuckle, Charles Richman, Gladys Hanson, Tyrone Power, Theodore Roberts, Adele Farrington, Bessie Barriscale, Marguerite Clark, Marie Doro, Edith Taliaferro, Blanche Sweet, Marshall Neilan (the same man who is now a director), W. H. Crane and Elsie Janis.

Wallace Reid should also be included in this list but it is interesting to note separately that for a number of pictures he was starred opposite Cleo Ridgely, Kathryn Williams, Myrtle Stedman and Anita King.

Some of the other then prominent Thespians, a few of whom have dropped into obscurity, who appeared in the early Paramount pictures, are, Fritz Scheff, Rita Jolivet, Victor Moore, Tom Moore, Viola Dana, Ina Claire, Laura Hope Crews, Violet Heming, Lenore Ulric, Sam Bernard, Fannie Ward, George Fawcett, Lou Tellegen, Donald Brian, Charles Cherry, Geraldine Farrar, Valeska Suratt, Constance Collier, Anna Held, Florence Rockwell, Mae Murray, Valentine Grant, Peggy Hyland, Owen Moore, Jack Pickford, Louise Huff, Vivian Martin, Ann Pennington, Frank McIntyre, Thomas Holding, Irene Fenwick, Douglas Fairbanks, Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish, Enid Bennett, Charles Ray, Margaret Illington, Olga Petrova, George M. Cohan and Julian Eltinge, Lina Cavalieri, Fred Stone, Enrico Caruso, Shirley Mason and Billie Burke.

Present day stars occupy an enviable position now. How long they will continue to sparkle depends upon the public, for in a short ten years hundreds have had their day and have been forgotten.



A scene from "Queen Elizabeth," produced in 1912 and the first five-reeler ever made. The star is Sarah Bernhardt.

one—that he has seen but a few days previous. This tendency on the part of the movie goers of changing their support from one star to another has been especially prevalent during the last two years. In this period of time there have been more stars made—and displaced—than at any other period in the whole history of the motion picture industry.

It would be interesting to look back upon some of the first stars of the screen to see how many of them are remembered or known.

The Famous Players Film Company was organized in 1912 and its first picture starred none other than the great Sarah Bernhardt in a picturization of one of her greatest stage successes, "Queen Elizabeth." The enormous success of this production prompted the producer to pursue the same policy of famous stars in famous plays or stories and the next feature to be released was "The Prisoner of Zenda," starring James K. Hackett.

Next came Mrs. Fiske in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Some old-timers may recall the sensation this production made. Then came a series of pictures starring Mary Pickford, that brought her the name of "The Sweetheart of the World." The first of these was "Caprice," and was followed by "Hearts Adrift" and "A Good Little Devil." It was in this latter production that the double exposure was first used to good advantage.

Going farther down the list we find the following old-time favorites: Lillie Langtry, Laura Sawyer, James O'Neill, Charlotte Nillson, Cyril Scott, John Barrymore, House Peters, and William and Dustin Farnum. Gaby Deslys, Arnold Daly, Bruce McRae, Hazel Dawn, Carlisle Blackwell, Paul McAllister, William Courtleigh, Cecilia Loftus, Edward Abeles, Edmund Breese, Max Figman, Robert Edeson,



A scene from "The Prisoner of Zenda," the second big movie made. This was also produced in 1912, and starred James K. Hackett.

Props—the Pillar of the Movies

By Donald Craig

ALTHOUGH little is heard of the property man, who gathers the moveable background for pictures, he is the power behind the camera. Without him the director would have many difficulties and the scenario writer would have his hands tied. "Say It with Props," is an old slogan around the big studios in Hollywood and it is a fundamental one in motion picture making.

Props make the foundation for successful motion pictures, according to Cecil B. De Mille,

props the scenario writer is able to cut down the use of sub-titles to a minimum.

In "If You Believe It, It's So," Thomas Meighan's recent picture, Waldemar Young, the scenarist, wanted to get over to the audience the change of fortune of a couple of crooks. He did it by the use of a prop cigarette butt and much more effectively than with a sub-title. The crooks are shown in the back room of a certain saloon where they had been seen previously in a prosperous condition. They are down and out

and the fact that they are poverty stricken is shown graphically when, in the midst of a conversation, one of them reaches over to an ash tray, picks up a half smoked cigarette and lights it.

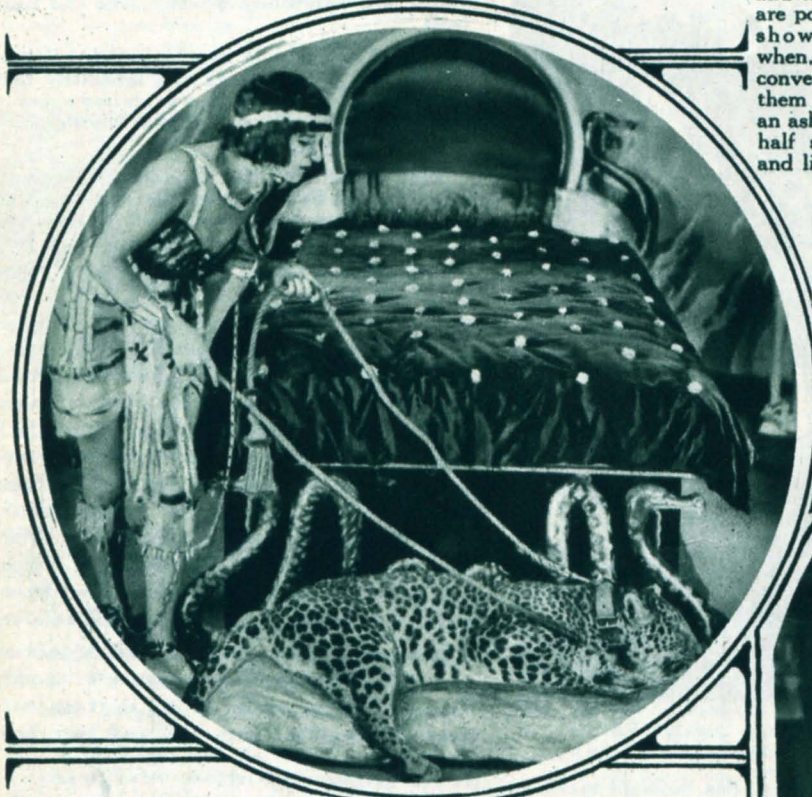
What more does an audience need to know about the condition of the men than that which was shown by

burglar's kit always identifies the thief. Every standard character in motion pictures has his character prop like the doctor, who carries the little black bag; the lawyer with a brief case, and the reporter with a notebook.

The above props all come under the category of "hand props," but these are not all. The furnishings of a room come under the classification of properties and then there are the live props—dogs, cats, rabbits, monkeys, snakes, alligators and all kinds of animals and reptiles.

Many interesting experiences are related by the property men who have had to secure live props for pictures. During the making of the "Sins of Rozanne," a Paramount picture, some time ago the property man was called upon to get a snake for use in a symbolic scene where the snake was to turn into a string of diamonds. It was necessary to turn this snake a certain way, and in order to do this the snake was frozen. The frozen snake was placed on the carpet and carefully fixed. Then the cameraman had to wait until the snake thawed out enough to register movement.

In "The Great Moment," one of Gloria Swanson's pictures, one of the important props was a snake. It took quite a bit of judicious handling



This leopard helped to make Cecil B. De Mille famous.

director-general of Paramount pictures. It is with these articles of property called "props," for short, in movie parlance, that many subtitles and unusual situations are registered on the screen.

Symbolism can be shown on the screen by the use of a prop better than in any other way.

Props serve many purposes. They may be symbols for emotion, substitutes for sub-titles, or instruments of romance. A striking example of how the romance of a story was carried through the picture by the use of props occurred in "Cappy Ricks," a Paramount picture made from Peter B. Kyne's famous stories of the sea with Thomas Meighan in the star part. In the picture the love element is developed by the use of a prop half dollar and a heart-shaped tag.

Early in the story there is a scene in which Meighan, as the rough sailor, spends his last half dollar for a tag for a sailor's home benefit. Agnes Ayres is the young lady who sells the tag. With the tag went her heart to the big, good-natured sailor, who also lost his heart with his last half dollar.

With this exchange of affection the two parted, but the love interest in the picture was sustained throughout by frequent reference to the prop half dollar and the heart-shaped tag. The two characters did not need to be together for the people in the audience to know that love was developing. The dollar and the tag took care of all that.

It has been said that the ideal photoplay is the one without sub-titles. This form of motion picture has been tried but never has been entirely successful. However, by the use of

the use of the cigarette? A sub-title would be extraneous.

By the use of props emotion is often registered. For instance, a mother can show her love or sorrow for her son just by picking up a photograph and holding it in her hands. An actor or actress is always able to get over an emotion by use of some prop that can be handled. Directors have found that action can be registered by players better when they have something to do with their hands, and they generally manage to figure on some prop to fill the bill. The breaking of a twig may be used to show nervousness or the chewing of a cigar may indicate any one of a half dozen emotions.

Theodore Roberts, the veteran character actor, perhaps is the best exponent of the use of the prop cigar on the screen today. He can do anything with a cigar, as every motion picture devotee knows.

The most common prop used, of course, is the character prop. Jewels always signify wealth; an old wallet gives the idea of age, and a



A heart-shaped tag and a half dollar are important.

to get the reptile to perform for the camera.

A leopard was the most conspicuous live prop used in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Affairs of Anatol." In "Fool's Paradise," a more recent De Mille production, crocodiles were used. The property men are not keen for live props because they are a terrible bother. They have to be fed and taken care of and in many instances they are dangerous to handle.

(Continued on page 2)

Outside The Studio

Raymond McKee has ambitions to be recognized as a hip builder and is putting together a yacht. It isn't intended to go near the water but will be used by Raymond as his summer home on a location he owns in the mountains. Jawn, his dog, and Joe, the monkey, will be the full crew.



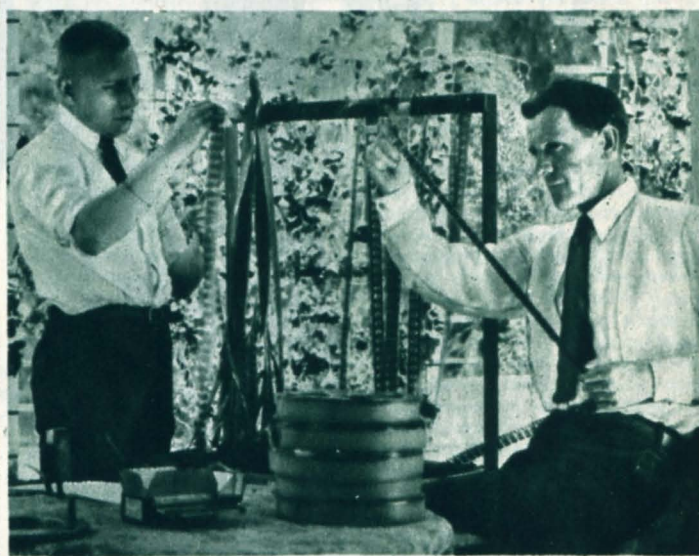
Below, Lloyd Hamilton claims that motion pictures never did do justice to his real beauty so Irene Dalton volunteered to act as cameraman for a portrait that he could send home to his friends. We don't wonder that no director would let Lloyd assume such a pose inside a studio.



Bill Duncan, Larry Semon and Edith Johnson got together for a little chat on the steps of the studio the other day. Bill annexed Larry's trick derby, and h and Edith both seem rather pleased with th result. Larry doesn't seem to be tickled. Mebbe he's afraid Bill will quit playing the looser and doing dare-devil stunts, and turn to comedy.



Constance Binney spends much of her time outside the studio in training her pedigree Russian wolfhound Ivan. The Teddy Bear in the picture is the only playmate Ivan has any use for and he treats it as carefully as if it were actually alive.



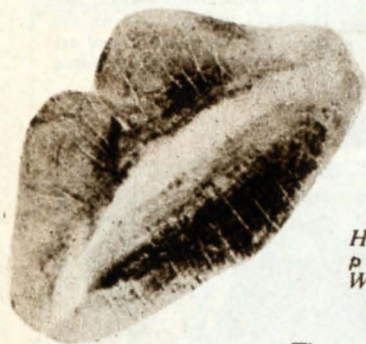
Erich von Stroheim has moved his film-cutting room outside his studio. He declares he can much better appreciate the picture value of takes on his roof garden than he can in the laboratory, where the smell of the chemicals distracts his judgment.

Calcium Kisses

By Our Hollywood Hatpin

I SEE that another periodic outburst of censors is occurring, this time the efforts of the Chemically Pure being directed against the inoffensive habit the screen-hero has of kissing his fiancée or his wife in the final fade-out.

Apparently film-people are not supposed to mirror real life; for real folks, you know, have been kissing ever since Eve learned from the apple all about what she was missing. And proceeded to make up for lost time.



Here's the way Betty Compson's kiss registered.

Here's a kiss imprint from Wanda Hawley.

Then, too—as long as film-heroes kissed the vamp who lured innocent men to ruin with her caresses, it was all right and proper; but now that they've taken their kisses into their own homes, the censors think it's terrible. Maybe because this pastime of the screen is invading private life.

A kiss, now, has many uses on the celluloid. What would the screen do without it! It is the subtlest and strongest weapon ever woman had. It is both the shield and the banner of the sisterhood. She uses it to find out how much Hubby won at poker last night—then to wheedle it from him.

When she desires a new gown of golden iridescence, does she calmly discuss its purchase? Indeed *not*! She kisses him—then hurries down town to buy it before he becomes normal again. Does a new mauve limousine with the little hickies inside all of silver appeal to her? She kisses it out of him!

So it goes. Kisses are dear or cheap, according to what the soul of womanhood craves at the moment. The strata of life may separate the dear weak wives of the screen; but in the artfulness of their common weapon, they all are sisters under the skin.

So, I ask you, how would a screen wife ever get any new clothes, or her own way about anything, if they take her best weapon away from her? And if a wife doesn't get her own way about something, where will the Domestic Drama come from? Think it over.

Then, too, what a tame entertainment play would be, shorn of its threading fire of osculation. What use that magnificent desert as studio artists always conceive it, with a nice, ferocious *Sheik* waiting to be tamed by a mere slip of a girl—if he isn't going to get even one teeny-tiny kiss out of her, after giving up that intoxicating harem for her sweet sake? What good would be the wild, wild moonlight with no scene to excuse the expense of its tinted lights? Were it extracted as is a useless appendix, what a flabby omelette would be served the hard-boiled audience of today!

What would *Anatol*, that traveler *de luxe* among yearning lips, or the *Queen of Sheba*, *Salome* and those other matchlighters of history, have done without



a kiss to set the fires of their genius going? *Theodora*, now osculating in our midst, evinces no infantile inexperience in the art.

Or, take *Camille*. Her boudoir was so tragically somber that I knew all along she was going to die in it—and would you have the dear girl go kissless to her grave? And remember "Rigoletto," with the *Duke of Mantua* hopping garden walls from one love affair to another. It kept the thing animated:

Bebe Daniels has a kiss chuck full of temperament.



Mary Miles Minter has a perfect Cupid's bow.

one was never sure—as the *Duke* apparently was—what lay beyond the next wall.

My mama has taught me it isn't polite to mention names, but I'm going to disobey this once. Recall that the greatest heroines of the *Shadows* have kissed themselves to fame and made fortunes for the producers of their plays. Would you take from a baby its bottle? Would you wrest from a soul-suffering heroine the only (apparent) balm that she gets for five reels of agony?

Ah, if you are yet of the romantic school of chocolate creams and bobbed hair and swear by your friend of the love-lanes, you will uphold me in my demand that the Kiss be allowed to live upon the screen.

Heroines of the silversheet who, though they do act, too, realize the importance of timely osculation, agree with me that the screen is in no need of such reformation. "There are times," admitted Gloria Swanson, emerging from the arms of Rodolf Valentino while the director and electricians arranged the lights for the final fade-out scene of "Beyond the Rocks," Elinor Glyn's story, "there are times when the use of a kiss is essential to the fulfillment of characterization."

Norma Talmadge is another who never sacrifices breeding to passion. And would you deprive Harrison Ford of the privilege he waits six reels for?

Eugene O'Brien and Wallie Reid would feel downright ignored if they got cheated out of their reward.

No, I'm not defending promiscuous affairs *de coeur* in the films. But I have come to the conclusion that their presence does make it about as colorful as Joseph's coat and as interesting as those adorable little silver flasks all the nice society ladies carry nowadays.

Living lava, is the kiss to the film. And as long as it can pass through the projection machine, without setting fire to anything, as long as the operator escapes unhurt, you needn't worry. I'm for the kiss, *au naturel*.

Would you have Viola Dana wear that funny old-maidish make-up she dons in "Glass Houses" if she weren't to be rewarded by Gaston Glass in the last reel? Personally I think it was Viola's showing her ears that demoralized Gaston to the kissing-point—she says she felt more immodest baring them than she did in receiving her osculatory reward.

(Continued on Page 30)



This looks as if David Butler were afraid of the censors—but you'll notice that Gladys Walton has no such fears.

If They Only Told the Truth

From PANTOMIMES' Special Lost Angels Correspondent

By Fuller Strong Hopp

Illustrations by Jefferson Machamer

THEY'VE gone and spilled the beans in this man's town by hitting it too hard on the Washington Birthday stuff. There was quite a little celebration in our office. Someone had said it was a holiday and lots of times it don't even take a suggestion like that to start something. So it started.

I get into one of those private dining room things where the tables are all set in silver and shiny linen and the guests bring their glassware with 'em.

Things are goin' nicely, in fact gotten to the point where Lizzie Nolan (Chrysabold Martel is the name she has chosen to use when she arrives), figured that after the next round she was going to ask Marcus Levinski, the noted producer-director, for a mob part in his next thing, when Dolores Dolly, the noted star, found a cherry in her glass.

"Say, listen, didn't dis yere guy Washington have sumpin' to do wid cherries?" she asked in that choice English which makes it a thing of joy that her "angel" selected the silent drama for her efforts. "Sumpin' like takin' the first pipe load back to Queen Lizzie in England, or inventin' the cocktail, or sumpin'?"

"George Washington has attained some small historical prominence because of an incident of chopping down a cherry tree in his youth," informed her social secretary.

"You're right, Kid," said the star. "I r'member now it was Washington and Carrie Nation what made hatchets famous. But let's do sumpin' about it. Chop down some trees, or sumpin'. I saw some fine palms down in the lobby."

"Now don't be startin' nothing, Sadie," said Edward LeConge, the noted director, calling the star by her right name with that delightful camaraderie that exists between director and star. "This is a LeConge production and you've got to be on with Eddie Palmer when he does the big punch of the picture tomorrow."

"Nuttin' more doin' with Eddie," said the beautiful Dolores. "He's out. He's so bowlegged that it makes me look knock-kneed in dat clinch wid him."

"Listen, you, before you get a smash in the mush," said the gentlemanly director, "I said that went for a retake wid you in back of the sofa enough so dat de legs don't show, and you said you would stand for it if I didn't tell de boss about your cheatin' when he got back from New York."

"Say, can dat stuff for a minute," interrupted Dolores. "Some of this dope about this here Washington guy is glidin' so that I'm beginnin' to remember him. He's de gink dat became de only charter member of the heavenly squad by never tellin' a lie. Ain't dat right, Beansy?"

"I'm gettin' kinda sick of all dis hokum we're passin' out to each other. Dis is goin' to be a honest tergot Washington party, 'cause here's where we all start tellin' de truth for oncet, widout a press agent between us an' de public. I begin, and de rest of youse come troo clean cause I knows all of you."

"First place, why is Dolores Dolly a star? Well, de answer is easy. I've got de looks to attract Benny Best. He ain't spendin' dough on no dame he can't brag about. Me talk is against a Riverside drive apartment and de society game, but as a motion picture star I'm somebody he can talk about, and I never have to be heard. It don't cost much more to run the Dolores Dolly Productions than the society game would run up to, because de pictures can always be sold for sumpin', which gives him a rebate. Dat's me! Now for you Marcus. What did you ever do to convince people youse was a featured director?"



"You're right, Kid," said the star. "I r'member now, it was Washington and Carrie Nation what made hatchets famous."

"Even in dis crazy business dey couldn't hold me down," almost shouted LeConge. "My appreciation of art, and de way I know how to do things, is what—"

"Can dat line of chatter," interrupted Sadie. "Come troo clean or I'll do it for you."

"You be careful what you say, Sadie. Dere's writers for fan papers here, and if you don't keep your trap shut, one word to Best and you're finished."

"You're tootin' a whole saxophone part about me finish if you yap," retorted Sadie. "But you aren't yapping cause de minute I'm troo dere's a few other people out of jobs."

"Now listen, Sadie, youse had one too many. You's de most beautiful star in de business. Your emotional stuff has got anyone beat, and the only thing what makes Mary Pickford a bigger money maker dan you is because she's been in de business longer. A couple of more pictures—"

"Get the idea, Marcus, get the idea." Once more Sadie was holding the floor. "If de truth ain't in you, I knows you. Dat pretty little Walton kid thought youse was a regular he-man, when she gets her Well Known Players contract, and she swings you in for a three-year contract. Youse is on de lot only four weeks when dey find out dey wants your room, and Best is de first sucker what shows up and youse is wished on him by toutin' you as a director."

"An' you," Sadie was just swinging into her stride. "Where do you come off to butcher stories written by guys with brains. Once you slid one in, and the changes the director and cast made put some pep into it, and since that time you have been tradin' on it. You give me a pain."

Dolores stopped after making signs as if she were going to select some of the other individuals present for an expose of their private grafts and the reasons, other than ability, for their being in the positions they occupied in filmland, but seemed to give it up as an endless job.

"Beansy?" she said, turning to her secretary. "Youse is the only square shooter in the crowd. You don't pretend to be much but you're all of that. Let's forget it and go back to the hokum."

"That's the idea, Sadie," said Marcus very friendly, "tell this PANTOMIME guy here that youse had sumpin' to eat what didn't agree with you, or you had too much to drink, or sumpin', and was only kiddin'."

"He's been makin' notes on all of it," he hissed under his breath.

The beautiful star turned to me.

(Continued on page 2)



"But let's do sumpin' about it. Chop down some trees or sumpin'. I saw some fine palms in the lobby."

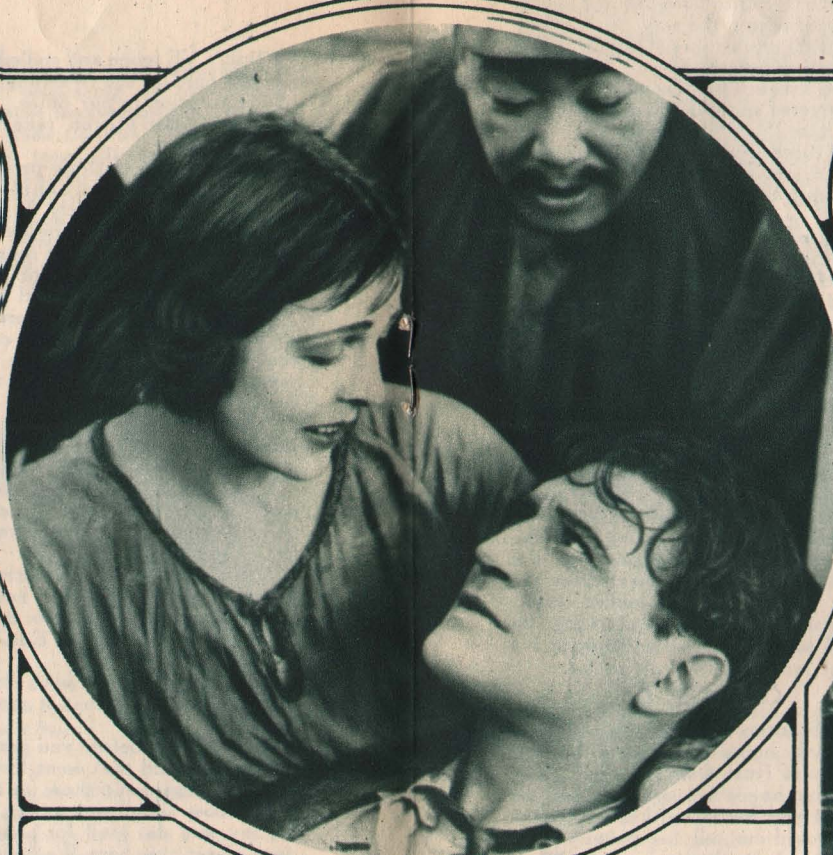
"He enjoys a reputation for untarnished veracity," responded the secretary.

"Wait a minute," said Sadie as several members of the party began to voice their uneasiness about what George Washington and his life had to do with a Washington's Birthday "little" celebration. Lizzie Nolan settled the argument by serving another round and Sadie got the floor by the simple move of talking while the others were drinking.

Big Moments in Pictures You Haven't Seen



William Farnum has been away from the screen for nearly a year, and after seeing this we can imagine he has been training to take Jack Dempsey's pugilistic crown away from him. Mr. Farnum's forthcoming release is an adaptation of another of Alexandre Dumas' novels, "A Stage Romance."



Who wouldn't take a chance on being drowned if they could feel certain that Helene Chadwick would pull a stunt like this to bring them back to consciousness? Richard Dix is the lucky man in this case and the scene is from "Yellow Men and Gold."



Here is a Swedish D'Artagnan, which shows that a matter of mean sword swinging is not a question of nationality. Gosta Ekman is the man who has won the duel and Mary Johnson is the lady in the background who caused the battle. It all takes place in the adaptation of Harold Molander's novel, "A Fortune Hunter."

It's a big moment in anyone's life—the first time he mounted a horse. This is Raymond Hatton, and he is not at all sure that the horse knows he is supposed to be ridden. Anyway, the audience will have a lot of fun in witnessing this scene from "His Back against the Wall."



It isn't at all nice for any man to lie right down and die, no matter how badly he is hurt, in front of a nice lady like Alma Rubens. But this here one does, and the things that follow explain why her latest production is titled "Find the Woman."



Gracious! These actors sure are getting pugnacious. This is the second fight to get on this page this week. Jack Holt is the fist wielder in this instance, and the scene is from "While Satan Sleeps," an adaptation of the Peter B. Kyne story, "The Parson of Panamint."



These long skirts sure do have one advantage, anyway, for Harrison Ford is probably about the only one that will overlook the appealing face of Norma Talmadge when this scene flashes on the screen in this star's latest production, "Smilin' Through." All of it doesn't take place in the long-skirted days, however.

Lucky Gloria — Gloria Swanson being carried this way in the arms of the handsome young hero, when the hero happens to be Rodolph Valentino. Alec Francis is the father in the picture, and the whole scene is one of many for Gloria and Rodolph in "Beyond the Rocks."



The Sign of the Trident

CHAPTER II

WHILE Ruth was being carried away by the White Rider, pandemonium was in full sway at the Wigwam. Phil Stanton and his cowpunchers were so busily engaged in fighting off the Indians that they did not notice the white horseman. In fact, it was not until Jim Loomis and Julia Wells rode up that the hostilities showed any signs of cessation. Loomis and Gray Wolf were on friendly terms, however, and although the chieftain was highly indignant over the invasion of his sanctuary, he called a truce.

"Why did you permit this attack?" he asked Loomis.

"It happened without my knowledge," came the answer. "I feel just as indignant over it as you do. These cowpunchers are my men, but I don't know what brought them here."

He was interrupted by the approach of four redskins leading Phil. The young man was securely tied but none the worse for the fray. A smile spread over his face as he recognized his friend.

"Call off these nuts, will you?" he said to his partner. "I've spanked several of them and now I suppose they want to scalp me."

"What do you mean by pulling off a scrap like this, Phil?" the older man asked. "This attack was outrageous."

Stanton was about to answer when Moonlight ran up to them crying, "The Princess—White Eagle—has disappeared!"

Loomis and Julia took Crouching Mole aside and it was decided that Loomis would go with the latter and his men to look for Ruth Randolph, while Julia would take another direction alone. She mounted her horse and galloped off. Loomis and Phil quickly called the men together, and, all mounting, rode away. Before leaving, however, Loomis whispered some words to Gray Wolf which Phil could not hear. He wondered at the friendliness between his partner and the Indian.

Julia Wells had ridden for about half an hour when she caught a glimpse of white a short distance ahead of her. Urging her horse to greater speed, she shortened the distance, and saw that it was the White Rider, bearing Ruth in his arms. The mysterious horseman had reached a canyon completely boxed in except for the entrance. He stopped for a moment before a huge tree which blocked an exit to the canyon, and the next moment a door, cut in the tree, swung open, admitting the rider and the girl. The tree closed again just as Julia rode up. She was mystified and could not fathom out how the horseman disappeared.

Meanwhile, the White Rider carried Ruth through a tunnel and into his cave-like dwelling. He laid the girl upon a couch. In a moment she recovered and looked at the surroundings with startled eyes.

"Have no fear," the man said, "you are safe here, but danger awaits you outside. Remain until I return. I am your friend." He left the room through the passageway, mounted his horse, and rode into the canyon the same way in which he had entered.

Ruth discovered a narrow window up near the top of the chamber. Taking a coil of rope, she fastened one end to the table, and threw the other rope end through the window. Then she let herself out of the window and started down the rope.

At that moment an Indian attendant entered the room and ran to the window, climbed up and out with surprising agility, and started down after her. The weight of two people was too much for the rope, and when Ruth was about twenty feet from the ground, it broke. The Indian recovered himself first and started for the girl, but Ruth picked up a good-sized rock and struck him with it. With a moan, he sank to the ground.

Ruth ran swiftly through the old forest trail. She was almost out of breath when she came to an old adobe hut, and looking cautiously she started to enter when a shout caused her to hesitate. Her name was being called. Recognizing Phil's voice, the girl answered and they soon found the way to each other.

It was after nightfall before they reached the ranch house. Jim Loomis, glad to see Ruth back, greeted her and apologized for the day's excitement.

After he had left, the girl turned to Phil. "I really think I shall return to 'Frisco," she said. "I think your exciting country is too much for me."

"Well, of course, we hate to see you go, Miss Randolph," Stanton answered, a strange light in his eyes, "but I can imagine just how you feel. If you insist, we can get a train the first thing in the morning."

At dawn Ruth and Phil entered the corral and were about to mount their horses when Henley, a cowpuncher, ran up, saying that he had strict orders not to allow them to leave.

"Who gave you those orders?" Phil demanded.

"The boss gave 'em to me, that's who," came the sullen answer.

"He did? Well, you ought to know by this time that his orders aren't the only ones around here," replied Stanton, trying to push the man aside.

"I can't let you past here," said Henley, blocking the way.

Before the surprised cowpuncher realized it, he lay sprawled out on the ground and Stanton and the girl were mounting horses.

But Henley knew that when Loomis gave him orders it was up to him to carry them out. In a moment he had recovered himself, called two of his men, and, obtaining horses, took up the chase.

At the San Mario station, Ruth and Phil came racing up just as the train was pulling out. The girl just managed to get on the rear platform of the last car, but the train was already making too much speed for Phil to get aboard.

Stanton left the spot a moment too soon, for Henley and his men dashed around the corner of the station and saw the girl on the train.

Ruth seemed a prisoner on the rear platform of the train. The door to the car was locked. As the train reached the bend, she saw Henley and his men approaching. Nearing the rear platform, Henley endeavored to seize the girl, but she shrunk to a corner of the platform. He was close enough, however, to gain a foothold on the platform. Ruth guessed what would be his next move. Then, for the first time, she noticed the ladder running to the roof of the car. As Henley was about to swing himself from his saddle to the platform, Ruth started to climb the ladder, and in another moment she was on the top of the train.

Looking ahead, the girl was startled to see that the train was approaching a tunnel. Dismayed, seeing that she could not possibly escape from the roof of the train, Ruth started for the ladder again. As she looked downward, she saw Henley climbing up toward her, a look of triumph in his eyes.

CHAPTER III

Phil Stanton rode wearily back to the ranch house, unable to dismiss thoughts of Ruth from his mind. But how would he see her again? He would have to go to San Francisco. But what would he tell his partner, Jim Loomis? He laughed to himself. What did he care what anybody thought! Wasn't he in love?

He took his horse to the stable, and then he remembered about the strange behavior of Bill Henley. He looked around for the man, intending to get an explanation, but Henley was nowhere about. He mounted his horse and rode about the ranch, hoping to find him. Finally he galloped back to the ranch intending to see Henley later. He entered the house and called for Loomis, but he, too, was not to be found. As he walked out on the porch, he could hardly believe his eyes. There was Ruth Randolph running toward him.

"Phil!" she shouted, and rushed into his arms.

Soon they recovered from their embarrassment and Ruth explained how she happened to return. The episode with Henley on the rear of the train brought deep anger to Phil, but when Ruth told of her escape he was thrown into deeper mystery.

"We came to a bend in the road where the train ran alongside a high bank, almost on a level with the train. Henley was slowly approaching me, and I decided to jump. I landed safely on the bank, and Henley was about to follow, when the mysterious horseman in white galloped up, drew me up in his saddle and dashed back here to the ranch with me."

"But who is this horseman?" asked Phil, "and where did he go?"

"I don't know who he is," answered the girl. "As soon as he dropped me from the saddle, he turned and disappeared in a cloud of dust."

At that moment the young couple were startled to have a small-sized rock come hurtling through the open window. There was a note attached. Ruth picked it up and read:

Do not try to leave this region without the Indians' consent.

Any attempt to escape will endanger the life of the man you love.

"What does it mean?" asked the girl.

"I am interested only in the last sentence," smiled Phil. "Oh, Ruth, I love you, you must know it by this time."

"The last sentence is true, Phil," whispered the girl. Their lips met in a long kiss.

A few moments later, Ruth dismissed her lover and went upstairs to her room. A knock at the door caused her to pause. An old Indian woman, Stone Ear, appeared. She handed the girl a package. Ruth opened the package and found a metal box containing a piece of parchment upon which were the words:

To my daughter, Ruth:

Under the law of the Canyon Indians, you are their chieftainess and rightful ruler. Go with them to the Golden Canyon and there



The girl just managed to get on the rear platform of the last car.



Recognizing Phil's voice, the girl answered, and they soon found their way to each other.

find the Wampum Belt under the stone with the Trident. This belt will make you immune from danger. It also contains a secret message that will free you from the Indians.

Your loving father.

The note only made Ruth wonder more at the series of surprising events which had followed her arrival at San Mario. That night she told Loomis she was ready to go with him to the Wigwam, much to his surprise and Phil's.

The next day at the Wigwam, Gray Wolf was triumphantly addressing his councillors. "The white Chieftainess is coming here with Loomis," he told them, "and this time she must go with us to the Golden Canyon." That Phil's partner was allied with Gray Wolf for some unknown reason was becoming very apparent.

A week later the entire party arrived at the entrance of the Golden Canyon. The spot was well fortified and defied attack. A great, pivoted rock blocked the way for invaders and could only be opened by the Indian guards on the inside. Gray Wolf left the party on the outside while he entered to prepare the festivities for the welcome of the Princess White Eagle.

A few moments later the rock swung back, and Crouching Mole appeared, and told the girl to enter. She was astonished at the picturesque sight which greeted her eyes. Phil, much to his chagrin, was left on the outside, but he determined to remain in the vicinity.

Ruth was bedecked by Gray Wolf with an elaborate, white Indian overgarment, and after placing some sacred beads about her neck, the chief held up his hand for silence.

"I proclaim Ruth Randolph our white chieftainess," he announced in a loud voice. "The Great Spirit has willed it so." Then the weird festivities began. As they got well under way, Gray Wolf drew Ruth aside.

"Our tribe," he explained, "is made up of two clans—the Buffaloes and the Blue Hawks. Our law demands that you, our Chieftainess, shall decide which clan shall own the Golden Pool. You must decide one moon hence. I myself am the chief of the Blue Hawks and I pray you to decide in favor of my clan."

At that moment another Indian, handsome as a Greek god, stepped forward. There was a hint of hatred in Gray Wolf's eyes as he said to the girl, "This is Standing Bear, chief of the Buffaloes."

Standing Bear bowed to the girl and then faced the assemblage. "Men of the Canyon tribes," he said, "during the time in which the Princess White Eagle dwells among us, she will be under my protection. Woe to him who heeds not this warning!" Standing Bear then took Ruth aside and warned her of the treachery of Gray Wolf. He hinted at many things—that Gray Wolf was responsible for the death of her father.

Meanwhile, Gray Wolf was in consultation with Crouching Mole. The latter had told him of the conversation between Standing Bear and the girl. Gray Wolf was furious. But the crafty ally informed him that the Pool would be equally divided between the tribes, should any accident befall Ruth. Gray Wolf smiled his approval.

The Sign of the Trident

Adapted by Herbert Crooker, from the Pathe photoplay serial, "White Eagle," starring Ruth Roland. Original story by Val Cleveland.

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That night Ruth decided to investigate the Golden Pool and find the Wampum Belt, which was spoken of in her father's letter. As she approached the spot she saw four Indian horsemen steadily circling around it, guarding the seething, bubbling, molten gold. As Ruth drew near to the Trident monu-

ment, the four horsemen watched her curiously. She stood trying to find the particular stone mentioned in the parchment. Finally she discovered it, marked with a trident. Lifting it easily from its place, she reached into the hollow and drew out a small package.

When she unwrapped the package, took out the beaded belt, and held it up, the Indians drew back in awe.

"The Sacred Wampum!" they cried.

The girl turned to them and said:

"Go and attend to your duties. And let your lips be sealed!"

In the Medicine Man's tepee, that same night, Crouching Mole, carrying the iron trident, was instructing the Medicine Man about a deed he wished performed. The sinister old fellow took the trident and left the tepee. A few moments later he crouched outside of Ruth Randolph's window. Cautiously arising to his full height, he looked in and saw the girl preparing to retire for the night. He glanced backwards, to assure himself that he was not being watched, then, taking the trident, he poised it in the direction of the girl and prepared to hurl it.

CHAPTER IV

Ruth Randolph was unaware of the fact that the Medicine Man was lurking outside. She turned and started to walk directly toward the window. The surprised Indian, still unseen, looked full at the girl, then a gasp of surprise escaped his lips.

"The Wampum Belt!" he ejaculated. And dropping the trident, he took to his heels and fled.

Out on the terrace, the Indian lovers—Moonlight and Standing Bear—were startled to see the Medicine Man running as if the devil himself was after him. Fearing for Ruth's safety, both ran to her room. Standing Bear finding the menacing trident and carrying it with him. They told the girl of what they had seen.

"If I am in danger, as you think," Ruth said, "I believe it would be best to send for Phil Stanton at the ranch."

At the ranch house, the next morning, Phil Stanton and Julia Wells were about to leave the porch when the mysterious rider appeared. Dashing up in a cloud of dust, he hurled a trident to the steps of the porch, turned his horse and galloped away. Julia looked at Phil in surprise, but the latter leaped to the steps and seized a piece of paper tied to the trident.

"Ruth is in danger," he read. "Go to her even if you have to fight your way into the Golden Canyon." Rushing to the corral, he called together a band of the cowpunchers and in another moment they were galloping toward the canyon.

Meanwhile, the rival chieftains were presenting their respective arguments to Ruth for the right to the Golden Pool. Ruth was seated in the center of the council, and Gray Wolf, Standing Bear, and Jim Loomis watched the girl intently. Loomis had determined to gain possession of the Golden Pool, through Gray Wolf. But Ruth had observed the friendliness of the white man and the Indian and suspected that they were up to mischief.

"If you give the Golden Pool to Gray Wolf and his Blue Hawks," Standing Bear told her, "the vast wealth will ruin his tribesmen—while among my clansmen, enmity and hatred will be aroused. Therefore, I claim the Golden Pool for the Buffaloes, because we will not touch one ounce of the gold, but will pledge ourselves to leave it in the pool forever."

Gray Wolf became enraged. Ruth saw the deep anger on his face.

"Be not swayed by petty jealousies," she pleaded. "Do not judge before I have judged."

Meanwhile Phil and his cowpunchers arrived at the pivoted rock. They waited for an opportunity to enter. Crouching Mole and a few of his Indians galloped through after the rock had been swung open. Before the redskins knew it, Phil and his followers dashed through. Phil, riding hard, pressed onward and reached the assembly house. Fighting desperately, he gained admission and entered upon the scene of the rival tribes about to fall upon one another.

(To be continued)



The girl was horrified to see that the train was approaching a tunnel.

My Start in Pictures

By Agnes Ayres

I **CHOSE** the hottest day in the hot summer of 1916 to make my cinema debut. The place was the Essanay studio, in Chicago. I was an extra in "The Masked Wrestler," starring Francis X. Bushman.

I was sent to the wardrobe department to put on any dress I happened to find there. I selected a pale blue satin creation with a black lace over-drape—I can see it yet. Nobody instructed me about make-up, so I just put a heavy coating of talcum powder on my face. My duty was to sit in a box and look interested while Mr. Bushman wrestled. Everything was very new to me, and it was no trouble to look interested. The camera was focussed on the wrestlers, and I was afraid I wasn't to see myself on the screen.

The director didn't finish the sequence the first day, so I was asked to return the following morning and sit in the box again. The camera was turned upon my box for a minute, and my heart beat a little faster, for I felt that now I was in the movies. I was blushing, and I was glad that my coating of powder was heavy. Red photographs black on the screen.

Soon I had a regular engagement as extra at the Essanay studio.



By Wallace Reid

MY chief recollection of the first motion picture in which I appeared is that Lake Michigan is a very cold body of water in the merry month of May.

The picture was made in Chicago, by Selig. I was given a job as juvenile because I had been a volunteer life saver on Lake Michigan and could swim. My chief duty in the picture was to dive into the lake and rescue various fair damsels from watery graves. The water was the same temperature as the North Pole, and between scenes there was nothing for me to do but stand on the landing in my bathing suit and shiver.

The picture was called "The Phoenix," which, I believe, is the name of a bird which has a peculiar habit of rising from its own ashes. I sure would have welcomed some ashes when I rose from Old Lake Mich. Milton and Dolly Nobles, two recruits from the speaking stage, had the leading roles in the film, and the cameraman was Alvin Wyckoff, who is now director of photography at the Lasky studio.

We worked differently in those days than we do now. Often the story was made up as we went along. Sometimes the director doubled as leading man or even turned the crank of the camera in an emergency. It seldom took over ten days to make a picture, which usually measured one or two reels.

Pantomime's Scenario Club

Conducted by Florence McIntyre



PANTOMIME'S Scenario Club is at your service. It is under the direction of Florence McIntyre, scenario specialist, recently of the Thomas H. Ince Studios. Miss McIntyre and a staff of trained critics have been engaged to assist through honest correction, criticism and suggestion, all those ambitious to write screen stories. A year's subscription to PANTOMIME entitles you to all Club privileges, and \$1 must accompany each story submitted for constructive criticism. Only Club members are entitled to this remarkable service. Be sure to enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope when you send in your story. Address all communications to PANTOMIME'S Scenario Club, 1600 Broadway, New York

Why Your Scenarios Are Rejected - By Thomas H. Ince

Perhaps there is no studio on the Pacific Coast that receives more scenarios per month than that of the big establishment of Thomas H. Ince, at Culver City, California. The reputation which Mr. Ince has created for himself is perhaps responsible for this. But it is a fact, that with every mail scenarios pour in from all parts of the United States and, indeed, from the far ends of the world. And most of them are accompanied by a personal note to the big producer.

The public seems to know that Mr. Ince is among the most open-minded men in the motion picture industry. They feel that if their stories contain picture material at all, their manuscripts will be given every consideration. And this is quite true, for the scenario department at that studio is splendidly organized and equipped and stories are given every possible consideration before being rejected.

Thomas H. Ince has brought forth more new talent than almost any other producer. Not only has he discovered and made stars, but he has also been quick to recognize those who possess the ability to write screen stories. Many of the big writers of motion picture stories of the day received their early training under the direction of Mr. Ince. Indeed, at least one of the most prominent scenarioists of the times told me that it was to the patience and encouragement of Thomas H. Ince that she owed all of her success.

When Mr. Ince consented to make a few statements regarding scenarios for our page, I knew that everyone desirous of writing for the screen would be delighted to hear directly from this Peer of Pictures—and this is what he has to say to you:

The Editor.



Thomas H. Ince, who has developed many present-day screen writers.

"I WOULD like to give a little practical advice to the men and women whose stories, intended for use on the screen, reach my studios at the rate of approximately three hundred a week. I would like to point out to them some of the reasons why so much of the material is unavailable for our purposes. I would also like to show them how they can turn some of their failures into successes.

"First and foremost, I would advise everybody who writes for the screen to write only about that which they know. This sounds like a platitude but it is the soundest advice that I can give. If it were followed we would have less unproduced material about mythical kingdoms and the inhabitants of other planets and more first-class material about human beings whom we all know.

"In the moving picture we have a medium which is adequate to the fullest reproduction of any story that can be conceived by the mind of man; but the medium itself is of no good to anybody unless through it there is told a story which grips our interest and holds it. And the only kind of a story that can do that is a story which deals with the struggles and triumphs, the hopes and fears, of human beings, of men and women of whom when we see them represented on the screen, we can say:

"I know people who are like that."

"Stick to human nature. Give your characters aims and motives that are recognizable as genuinely human aims and motives. Make the characters themselves real. There is a big drama in the life of every human being that ever was born. Drama does not mean only wild physical action. There are mental and spiritual crises out of which you can fashion thrilling drama without having to depend upon a revolver or a fist fight. But drama means conflict of some kind. Somebody wants to get something. Somebody has to overcome it.

"Let the object for which your characters struggle be one which is of real value to us realize is worth struggling for. Let the obstacles which they overcome be obstacles such as are met with in the real world of men and women.

"Be real.

"This does not mean that you are to write dull, prosaic narratives in which nothing happens. On the screen something has to happen. The picture has to move. But let it move naturally, clearly, logically.

"Do not load your stories with superfluous characters, characters that have nothing to do with the development of the story nor with a lot of extraneous matter that has nothing to do with it either. Keep to the story.

"But do not keep a story along the paths that have been trodden by writers of other stories. The value of a new writer's work lies in the freshness of his viewpoint, the novel twists and turns which he can give to the thoughts and the emotions that are the common property of us all.

"And do not be too solemn. Remember that everybody likes to laugh. Even in serious drama the tension must be relieved, sparingly, of course, with humor.

"Don't make your good people impossibly good, or your bad people impossibly bad. There are, in real life, very few pure whites and still fewer pure blacks. But there are plenty of grays. Make your characters real men and women—not figureheads.

"But select as your characters men and women whose lives develop situations, emergencies, crises, for these are materials out of which drama is made.

"Do not write down to the public. The chances are that the public is capable of understanding and appreciating any character or situation that you can devise.

"It is certainly true that the public should be given credit for possessing more intelligence than some writers ascribe to it.

"And do not, as soon as you have finished a story, rush with it to the postoffice. Keep it for a while. Think it over. Read it over.

"But all the work in the world won't sell a story which is not intrinsically true to life. That is the standard by which every work is

tested. The matter of writing for the screen is not play. Like everything else worth while, it entails hard work, lots of hard work, and intense study.

"No one accomplishes anything in this world by the easy route, and little is attained that is worth while without hours and hours of devoted effort.

"Writing motion pictures has become a new profession of letters, and one who has never studied the construction of screen stories, nor one who has never written, can expect little success without many, many attempts. Don't be afraid of new ideas. They count the most. But don't fill your story with impossible situations. Distinguish between new ideas and absurd situation.

"Judge your work in the cold light of common sense. Weigh each situation by the scales of reality. Test each character you have created in the light of ordinary reason. And when you have tried and tried, and rewritten and worked, and you are satisfied that your work will meet the cold judgment of the editor, look for your market and submit your manuscript."

* * *

Here is some sound advice from one of the biggest producers in the motion picture industry. There is value in every sentence, if you will only digest and absorb it, and use it as a guide-post in attempting to write for the screen. Mr. Ince has the reputation of knowing what the public wants—that is the secret of his success in the film world, and he knows just how to "serve up" a good story upon the screen. Half of the writer's battle is in knowing what the producer wants, and as a rule, each producer wants something different. So, if you harbor the hope of some day having a story accepted at the Ince studios, keep in mind what he has told you—human, understandable stories, written about situations and characters with which you are familiar. Editor.

Beauty and—a Brain

An Appreciation of Claire Windsor

By June Bradley

THERE is something essentially ethereal about Claire Windsor. Her beauty is of the soft, suggestive kind, like perfume. It makes you think of your first love. A delicate rose in a Tiffany Favre vase. Spring in a debutante's boudoir. An old-fashioned garden. Pink silk lingerie in a cloister.

She is so exquisitely ethereal that I expected any moment a breath of wind would come and blow her away. That is, until she began to talk. Then I realized that there is depth to Claire Windsor. She isn't superficial, as are so many women nowadays; she isn't satisfied with the easy existence of accepting things as they come—for she has an intellect. She probes to the very heart of things, to settle them in her own mind at least. This quality of thought was best expressed in her work in "Grand Larceny," in which her keen intellect and restrained handling of the role of a gutta-percha wife stretched the play from a problematical nothing into a real question-mark that women are called upon to answer.

She has been in pictures two and a half years. When she came to Los Angeles with her mother, a friend chanced to be going to one of the studios one day and asked Claire to accompany her. More as a lark than anything else, she worked that day as an extra. Becoming really interested, she gradually "crawled up."

Claire Windsor is like unto no one



She makes you think of spring in a debutante's boudoir.

except a possible fleeting resemblance to Elsie Ferguson in that sublime mingling of fragility and poise. She is delicately colorful, of a quiet, rather reserved nature, contenting herself after working hours with her home life and her four-year-old son.

One of her best friends said to me, "Claire is a real girl. She hasn't had a fair start—the wrong kind of publicity. That affair of her 'disappearance' in the hills, for instance. But she is 'game' enough to rise above such handicaps."

This hectic publicity that she has had, through her adventure in the hills a block or two from home and the vocal fire incident to her reported engagement to Charlie Chaplin, for a time, threatened to blind the public to the real Claire Windsor. Now that those so-called "personal advisers" and wild-idea press agents linked with her past efforts have ceased trying to acquire fame for her along the red-hued routes, and have quit waving the flag to an ennuied public, I believe that Claire Windsor will make her own place. For her art is many-faceted. And—

She has a brain of her own.

Falling into the Movies

By Maude Robinson Toombs

AN example of how pluck can conquer a heavy handicap is given by Harry Sweet, the young Century comedy star, who portrays "boob" parts.

Harry went through school without uttering a word because from childhood he had a severe case of tongue-tiedness and every time he tried to speak he stuttered so nobody could understand him. His schoolmates made him an object of fun. His teacher, however, lightened Harry's predicament by never calling on him to recite his lessons orally but accepted from him everything in writing. So he managed to get through the course with honors.

Sweet is only twenty years old, and he literally fell into the movies. He landed with such a bang that he's still in—only instead of seeing stars he's one of them now!

Among his other accomplishments Sweet, apart from playing "boob" parts, walks a wicked tight rope and executes a mean balance as an acrobat. One bright morning he wound his way to the Century studios and asked for work—principally because he needed the wherewithal to buy half sole and food.

"What can you do?" asked the director of the young man.

"Anything," was the prompt answer.

And everything was what he drew. He doubled in every risky scene the scenario editor could think of. He played the piano for the purpose of drawing tears or smiles as the case might be while someone else was acting, and even when the janitor was confined to his bed for a month with measles, Sweet officiated with broom and dustpan.

Then one day his big chance came. He was given a real part in real comedy and he walked away with the stellar honors even though he was not the star. From that day on Sweet has been a star in his own right.



Outside burlesque he really can tickle some mean ivories.



He was made a star in record time.

Luxury Taxes

Some of the gowns worn by
Mabel Ballin in her
latest production

Photography is a funny thing because of the difference in which it registers material for ladies' gowns. Here is another of the straight neck lines, made of clinging canton crepe in a rich wine shade. The toque is of the same shade, although it doesn't look it, and the fur is silver fox.

This gorgeous feminine frivolity is an elaborate tea gown. Black transparent net, hand painted in gold, is startlingly effective when worn over a pale pink satin slip.

Shimmering taffeta of delicate sap-green shade is the predominant note in this evening gown. The skirt is made rather full, with a scalloped hem, beneath which is a hand-made Valenciennes lace foundation.

This is a fragile affair of orchid silk and pearls and is intended wholly for evening wear. The girdle is of pearls as well as the shoulder trimming and the train is of silk despite its transparent appearance. The wrap is of pink brocade with very light white fur fringes.

"Simple and fetching" is the way the modiste describes this evening gown. We can understand the fetching part but the simple is a little bit beyond us when the description reads "cut along simple lines with the new straight neck line. Made of black chiffon brocade, worn over a pale pink satin slip. Black ostrich feathers at the shoulder and down one side of the skirt, with a white ostrich spray at the waist."



Wild Life in Hollywood—a Truly Scandalous Tale

By Myrtle Gebhart

Newspapers and some fan magazines have specialized in scandal among motion picture people. PANTOMIME suspected that the big majority of the people engaged in the big work of making productions were no worse than the ordinary run of humans. We asked Miss Gebhart, than whom no one knows the player folk better, to write an article about the wild life of Hollywood, and here it is.

THIS is our slogan: Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye—work. Enjoy your play-time while you have it. For if you're prim and precise and stay home evenings reading Shakespeare, the tourists are telling everybody all about the "bad parties" you're "putting on" behind the chastely drawn shades.

"Still waters run deep," they whisper—and talk just the same. So why not, if you're going to have the name hitched onto you willy-nilly, get a bit of the game? An innocent evening's pleasure dining and dancing is going to be splashed across the front page of the home-papers by "Mrs. So-and-So, our leading matron," when she returns to Syracuse, so you might as well get a little fun for the ill-fame that's going to be yours as sure as the trains run back East.

Hollywood is very much misunderstood and maligned by all the good folks back home. They obtain their information as to our "wicked revels" second-hand from the tourists who, having seen Mary Pickford and Viola Dana and Wallie Reid motoring down the Boulevard in their separate motors, go back full to bursting with intimate accounts of our stars' private affairs and spare no adjective in the telling. Like Tillie's chewing-gum do these accounts stretch.



Guy Bates Post and Mrs. Post, better known as Adele Ritchie, use this method of an evening's dissipation in their own beautiful home.

I have lived in Hollywood, in the bosom of the studios, so to speak, for almost a year and a half; I have been so fortunate as to meet the majority of the stars "from Mary Pickford down." And yet I admit in all shame of ignorance that Mrs. Sam Weinurwurst, the butcher's wife up on Wilson Avenue in Chicago, and Mary Jane Smith, the ten-cent-store girl in Des Moines, know far more of the stars' intimate history and love affairs than do I!

People have yet to learn that most of these lurid high lights of stars' lives are but publicity being poured by indefatigable press-agents, abetted by willing tourists, into the greedy maw of the public. Just because some of our male stars, desiring no ghostly reminders of a rural past, pretend to have been born in the wicked city and reared on gin—is that any reason to condemn all our noble townsmen?

Our people are gay, pleasure-loving; they are enjoying the relish-days of life. And if their very human mistakes are arc-lighted by the world, are they to blame?

Take this divorce-question. When Mrs. Smith divorces her legal storm, it is a matter of no interest save to the happy Mr. Smith, his wife's friends who prophesied it all along and "the other woman," who hopes to reap the harvest. Many a wife back home operates on the theory that where ignorance is bliss, it were foolish to jeopardize your income by knowing too much.

But when Felicia the Film Queen finds that her own woman-heart has been torn with disillusion and prefers riddance of a bad bargain to legalized degradation—the whole world gasps, "I told you so! Those movie folks just can't keep decent!"

Well, as Nat Goodwin used to say, we marry anyway. And this habit of laying off the old like you do your winter underwear when new spring flowers blossom and attract the eye, has its advantages in that it keeps the

community circulating. Folks back home say the etiquette here is to have a perpetual love affair—and if you haven't one of your own, borrow your neighbor's. But marriages do last out here, past the budding and beyond even the pruning seasons. Witness—Wallie and Dorothy Reid, Dorothy Phillips and Allan Holubar, Florence and King Vidor, Thos. and Mrs. Thos. Meighan, Jack Holt and the Missus, the Farnums, the Desmonds, Betty Blythe and Paul Scardon, reams and reams more.

Hollywood is a one-industry town. We hie us to our tailor's for a coat-of-arms and emerge engraven *E Pluribus Unum*. We live by, to and for the production of motion pictures. We work. Beneath the stratum of gaiety—seemingly unencountered by the tourists—is a thread of constant effort; a mighty river of industry gurgling as do the waters beneath the ice-coated Volga in winter. People do not look for the earnestness beneath our play-time. Therefore our motto: Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye—work.

When we work we work; and when we play we don't wait around for something to happen. With chaps like Wallie Reid and Walter Hiers on tap, the fun keeps moving. It is the antics of a puppy-dog full of the joy of life, this amusement of our "colony"; it is the geysering of an oil-well temporarily unsheathed from its harness of industry and flooding the air. Film-people live in a world of make-believe. Their work-time, contrarily enough, is *illusion*. When they play, they want something *tangible* to enjoy. They want Life. And they take it like some of them do gin—undiluted. As I once said in a quip to the diligent censors: "Life is a very bad subject for young people to investigate. Why not abolish it altogether?"



The devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray to their home is so well known that they are known as the Los Angeles "stay-at-homes."

As long as there is Life, there will be transient happiness. Our people aren't gods—they are humans. And they like to play once in a while.

Come with me and I'll take you around the joy-palaces where our filmdom elite plays and eats. The two are synonymous; or perhaps the gustatorial delights should be mentioned first, for here as nowhere else on earth is the question so recurrent: When do we eat? Feed these dainty young Boulevard Broilers and in ten minutes they're clamoring for a square meal. No wonder they all have to go on diets and reduce!

Down the Boulevard, stretching a white ribbon in the frosted illumination from street lights, I spied a chummy-roadster. It was inhabited. I decided I'd be brave for once and try the Hollywood Special—a flirtation—a sort of cocktail to the evening to follow.

But the occupant waited he'd like to buy me an ice-cream soda, only he had to hurry home and walk the baby, as his wife was making night-scenes for a picture, and besides he didn't want another divorce.

Disconsolate but still hopeful, I wandered on. The day-time congregating spot, the corner of Cahuenga and the Boulevard where stands the bank that picture people patronize when they can, was deserted. Passing *Frank's*, I peered in. There was a somber pall all over the staid gathering knifing-and-forking it. *Frank's* is getting to be more of a he-place. Now you see there, soberly engulfed in macaroni and cigarette-smoke, Tony Moreno, Jimmie Morrison, James Young, Earl Williams.

I thought of *Frank's* wonderful coffee and French pastry. . . . Should I risk a flirtation to pay for my dinner? It has been done before—so they say. But I feared I might have to leave as security with the rigid waiter the imitation-pearl brooch poor dear Grandma left me. . . . So I trekked hungrily on.

I drew up before the quaint blue facade of Armstrong & Carlton's, the favorite chinning-spot of the younger fraternity. They believe in making folks comfortable here; you settle miles deep, it seems, into cushiony leather settees backed against the walls. Here you find the feminine tit-bits, scads of them, eager voices trilling amid bites, dainty white fingers flecking cigarette-ash like an old-timer. Frilly, fluffy, sophisticated, yet girlishly naive, such wee little persons. But oh, my, how they do eat!

Just then The Gentleman Who Accompanies Me Places happened along in his Packard. (Nobody has Fords out here—for publication.) Being Wednesday night, we decided on Sunset Inn, which has designated that evening of each week as Fotoplayers' Frolic. Some star is chosen honor guest. This time Gaston Glass was the victim—which meant he had to forget he was a screen idol except when the tourists were looking. That meant Gaston had to keep a close watch on his classic profile—for three-fourths of the people there were from Akron and Dallas and Twin Corners! They'd come out to see the stars shine—so they could go home and tell all the folks about having dined with Wallie Reid and Gloria Swanson.

Gaston was dancing with all the sweet little girlyies—I can't imagine what Viola Da—excuse me!—meant by tempting him so with other pastries. But he seemed very debonair as the pivot of all the ladylike warfare. Gaston is a Frenchman—maybe that accounts for his superb aplomb.

Lila Lee, who grew up to be a young lady in about a week, was attended by a handsome swain. Bebe Daniels was all in wondrous swirls of rose chiffon, still wearing Jack Dempsey's gift, a gorgeous diamond-begemmed wrist watch. Colleen Moore was there with John McCormack, I believe, and Barbara Bedford was attended by Irvin Willat. Pauline Frederick, who has winged many a poor plot to glory with her flashing spirit, was in evidence, though they do say that Polly is giving up the wicked night life of chop-suey and ginger-ale in favor of "the clean and wholesome West."



Anita Stewart and her husband are still romantic enough so that they enjoy a *Romeo and Juliet* scene despite the fact that they have been Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf Cameron for quite some time.

Maybe it was a sort of farewell-appearance—like Bernhardt's, probably. Mabel Normand, back from a vacation and a milk diet, bearing proof of both in her glowing cheeks and bubbling spirits, was having the time of her life. But Mabel is always doing that.

The dancers, packed onto the floor like colorful, iridescent sardines in a box, were somehow managing a fox-trot. And one thing about a fox-trot, you *move*. We may be "wicked," but the "Chicago" hasn't reached us yet. I understand it is a sort of wiggly affair that doesn't cover much ground but guarantees to keep any little girl from getting chilled. So you see we are terribly provincial. One recently-arrived Easterner suggested that we do the Virginia reel and asked if we knew the war was over.

On a Thursday night, it's the Hollywood Hotel, especially now that Elinor Glyn is back to lend it an aristocratic touch. She goes in terribly for "form," you know. Nazimova is often seen here with husband Charles Bryant, and Betty Blythe and sometimes Jack Holt and Bert Lytell. It is more sedate, of a quieter tone, with all the mamas parked at the ringside pretending not to notice when their daughters slip outside under the palms for a wee stroll.

By the way, I can best describe the life here where starshine reigns by quoting Madame Glyn. She wrote of our stellar lights in an English periodical: "The whole thing is happy-go-lucky. Rather, live and let live. The wild people are few and far between, and always in the limelight. The rest of the community are kindly, natural and hard-working beings, not consciously breaking any laws of convention, but rather living lives more as nature suggests, undarkeped by evil thoughts." Isn't that sweet?

The Ambassador Coconut Grove, an exotic place of nodding palms and heady perfumes, is the habitat of those flowers of fashion, the Talmadge girls, Gloria Swanson and sometimes May Allison and Betty Compson. And such masculine attractions as Tommy Meighan and Wallie Reid—both of whom, however, have a habit, most annoying to designing flappers, of being accompanied by their own wives.

As to tea-rooms, I've been in at least a million—and they call me a stay-at-home! They spring up like mushrooms, beautiful, Bohemian little places, but really homelike when you get to "belong." At Betty's "Come-On-Inn" there is an "inner circle" of habitués of which Viola Dana is boss. Betty's is a clean little blue-and-white place, almost as big as a band-box, where you feel so chummy and cozy that you hate to leave it to go home! The tiny rooms are packed with little tables for two and four and china-cabinets filled with the quaintest pewter-ware and crockery. Sometimes the overflow of hungry eaters and chatters is tucked away in the kitchen—but everybody is always so jolly about it.

At Marie's on the Boulevard you get the best fifty-cent luncheon in captivity and the snappiest waffles you ever tasted since you left your mother's kitchen. Here you see most of the Lasky "bunch" and staid writers like Walter Woods and Byron Morgan.

Most of the Realart people drive a few blocks to "The Gingham Dog and Calico Cat," which sounds extremely Bohemian, but isn't. It is a very clean, creamy-toned place, with chummy dogs and cats beaming at you from the walls.

"The Ship" cafe at Venice, where you sit upon the sea and eat fish just plucked from its gardens; the Green Mill Gardens, into which you are beguiled out of the chilly night by warm little green-lighted mills revolving right merrily, and where you dance away the wee sma' hours to syncopated tunes; and the Cinderella Roof, which is most crowded at tea time—one of the girls there told me it was because most of the stars and business men had to be home for dinner and had to take their lady friends out in the day-time!

These, I believe, complete the list of the popular shrines of the dance-and-eat god. That's all we do here in our spare-time, tourists' reports notwithstanding. And we are united in our motto: Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye—work!



Mr. and Mrs. Allan Holubar spend practically all of their spare time discussing starring vehicles for Mrs. Holubar (Dorothy Phillips), in this case with James Kirkwood.



King Vidor and Florence Vidor have an entertainment all their own for spending the hours when they are not busy on productions, and her name is Suzanne.

Me and My Kitchen

By Ruth Roland

Editor's Note.—One visualizes Ruth Roland, before seeing her, as a fine, large type of girl physically (else how could she endure serial after serial the stress and strain of one daring and dangerous feat after another, for the sort of pictures made by the "Queen of Serials" demands several thrills to every single one of the fifteen episodes). Imagine my delighted surprise, when Ruth invited me out to dine one evening recently, to discover in her a dainty little maiden, her deep violet eyes shaded by curling lashes, her skin without a drop of make-up, and her auburn curls piled high on her head.

It is not easy for a girl to forge her way to the top, as Ruth Roland has done, by sheer merit, and it is not many years since Ruth started to work for the old Western, Kalem organization at a salary of thirty-five dollars for a week's hard and dangerous work. As a child star, Ruth had been widely known and she had also had experience both in stock and light opera, but her present position in the screen firmament had to be honestly earned.



She's all business when she gets in her kitchen.

OCCASIONALLY I give my chef a holiday, put on a nice, snowy cap and apron and cook the dinner with my own hands. Sometimes I have a lot of girl friends as my guests. Another time it may be several of the cow-boys that have acted deeds of daring and "stunts" before the camera with me for the past decade.

Every single recipe I'm putting down here I can guarantee—and as a real California or Texas recipe, too.

Try these sometime—I know you'll like them.

Spaghetti a la California

Two pounds round steak, cut in squares and fried brown in olive oil, also one or two onions fried brown. Add 1 can tomatoes, salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, pepper to taste and a little allspice. Boil spaghetti until tender in salt water. Cook steak in a deep iron frying pan until very tender. Remove to hot platter, pour brown sauce over spaghetti. Either mushrooms or seeded ripe olives may be added to the steak when cooking, if desired.

Chicken Fricassee a la Roland

Cut one or more young chickens in small pieces. Dredge with flour and fry brown in deep iron skillet (in half butter and half olive oil—as all butter burns too readily). When brown remove to a casserole or roaster, add 1 sliced onion and 1 bell pepper, 2 cups boiling water. Bake in slow oven until very tender. The fowl may then be lifted on hot platter and either



There's no suggestion of the dare-devil about Ruth in her own home.

brown or cream gravy made from the drippings. If gravy is not liked, the chickens can be baked almost dry.

TEXAS

(Ruth really discovered this dish in San Antonio, Texas—hence her name for it.)

Two pounds Hamburger steak fried brown in olive oil. Add 1 can tomatoes, mushrooms, 1 tablespoon (Gebhardt's Eagle brand) chili powder. Cook until meat is very tender and sauce brown, thicken, serve with spaghetti or beans.

Ruth's Spanish Beans

Soak the pink beans over night. Boil about twenty minutes next morning, drain that water off and add fresh boiling water sufficient to cover beans. Next add 1 can tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chili powder (same brand that I use in preparation of "Texas"), a clove of garlic, 1 large sliced onion, pepper, salt and a little sugar. Less chili powder may be used if beans are liked not quite so "hot" as it were.

Just to "cool off" with, Ruth usually serves her famous:



She believes in frequent tasting.

Fruit and Nut Jello

Any flavor of gelatine or Jello may be used. Dissolve one or more packages in boiling water, add marshmallows, chopped nuts and peaches, pineapple, grapes and oranges (cut in small pieces). Mould. Put on the ice. Serve with whipped cream flavored with orange.

An interesting little incident in connection with my own recipes happened not long ago. It was the month that my company and I were up at Big Creek (in the high Sierra Mountains). Some fifteen or more children, whose fathers are employed up there in the logging camps, were fascinated with everything connected with picture-making.

On Saturdays offers of aid in carrying my lunch (if it happened the company had some scenes to make up the mountain or down in the ravine) were numerous.

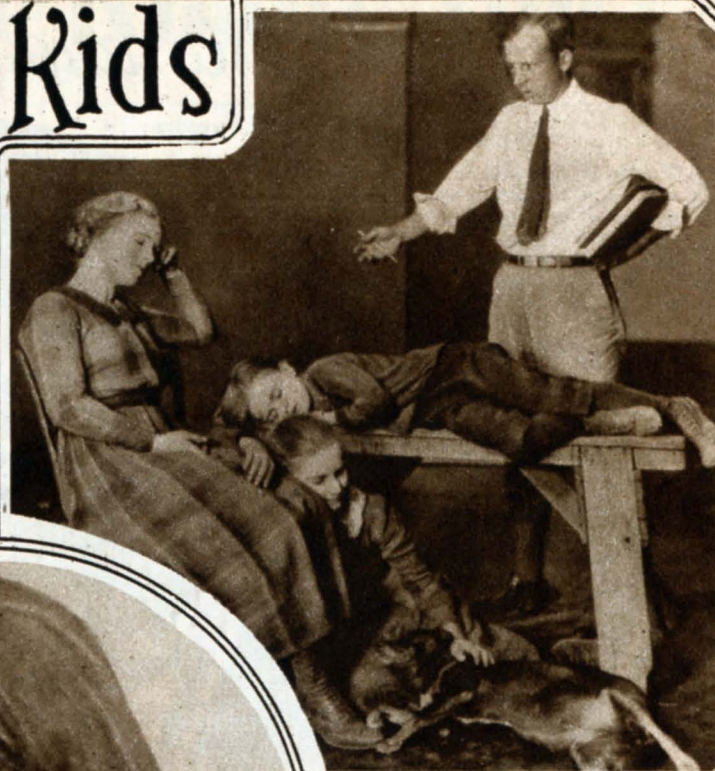
This particular day I had a glass jar, filled with fruit salad—pineapple, maraschino cherries, cubes of orange and grapes were temptingly glimpsed.

Jimmy, whom I asked to carry the jar for me, was, of course, given his share, but he wasn't so sure the other kiddies should be "given a taste too" (as I had suggested) and hesitatingly replied—"Ye-e-s, I reckon so, but I was your carrier, Miss Roland."

Just Kids



Rifi Edwards is just old enough to appreciate that pictures is a serious business and that to succeed you must learn the best every one can teach you, and then add some of your own. Here the size of the chair is the only thing that prevents her from duplicating the well-worth-while pose of Constance Binney.



Mary Miles Minter is still young enough to get in with the kids, especially when she has fallen asleep on the job in company with Charles Halton and Marie Treaboh. Even "Queenie" has cried quits for the time being. We have a sneaking suspicion that this picture accounts for the pep this quartet shows when in front of the camera.



Right—Some children seem to be gifted with a prophetic vision. This little tyke seems to feel that in having this picture taken, that some day the photograph would lead her into a tragic situation. And it did—for it was a framed photograph of her that was found on the desk of William D. Taylor, when he was so foully murdered. Yes, this is Claire Windsor, but several years ago.



We're just running this picture to show that there are some young men who are not anxious to meet Wanda Hawley. Hobart Shelby is the littlest one who seems to have learned early to be distrustful of blondes while Junior Coghlan is the reckless one who acts ready to take a chance and let fortune bring what it may.



This is one of those surprise pictures. You might suspect that it was a poor little girl who has received a present of a beautiful doll, but it isn't at all. The little girl is "Peaches" Jackson, and from among everyone on the lot she has selected Thomas Meighan to be custodian of "Peaches II" while she is on the set.

Me and My Boss

By Marguerite

De La Motte

BUT little is ever said or written about those who have so largely contributed to the success of us players of the silver sheet—our managers. We have heard and read much about the director and others who have helped us in our cinematic careers but for some unaccountable reason—perhaps modesty—the most important factors in our climb to stardom, our mentors, have been very sadly neglected. And all the while we are moving upward

advance me any in a professional way and he would far rather have me remain idle than appear to a disadvantage in a production.

This, then, is the man behind the scenes in my particular case. And I am surely glad to have this opportunity to let the theatre-going public know that there is else behind the success of a screen player than the personality and individual ability of us who give but scant attention to those elements which are so

toward our goal, be hind each and every one of us sits an all-wise manager who guides us through that branch of the industry we know so little of, the business end. For you must know that an

artiste in motion pictures who has attained any degree of success has considerable business to transact that requires the attention of a highly experienced and capable agent. There are contracts that must be read and signed, purchases of costly wardrobe and properties to be made and a publicity campaign to be supervised, to say nothing of a multitude of routine tasks which must be directed by one that knows the ins and outs of the motion picture business.

I am indeed fortunate in having a manager, mentor and guardian combined in J. L. Frothingham, the well-known producer, whom I induced to handle my affairs following the death of my parents two years ago. At that time I was but sixteen years of age and without any experience to speak of in the realm of pictures. True, I had done a little professional dancing, but of things cinematic, I was totally ignorant.

Mr. Frothingham was producing a series of feature pictures for a large distributing company when I asked him to take me under his wing and handle my affairs. To this day I do not know why he consented to my request as I was an "unknown" without anything to recommend me as a potential photoplay star. But he did, and despite his numerous duties as a producer, he always found time to advise and encourage me and to negotiate my professional as well as personal business affairs.

Under the management and through the counsel of Mr. Frothingham I rose from a player of "bit" parts to my present success. It was my manager who secured for me a very desirable contract to appear opposite Douglas Fairbanks in all of his productions for one year, and following the expiration of this agreement it was he who accepted and rejected numerous offers made by various producers for my services. Mr. Frothingham also starred me in a massive



We asked Marguerite De La Motte to what she attributed her successful rise from obscurity to leading woman for Douglas Fairbanks. Her answer is pictured in the center of three new poses of Marguerite herself.

and spectacular picture of his own—"Shattered Idols"—a masterpiece among big productions! He loaned me to other producers only after he ascertained that the role I was to be given was a suitable vehicle for me. I have personally seen him turn down a very generous offer for my services because he did not believe the part would

essential to our success. I am indeed appreciative of the fact that Marguerite De La Motte would be a far less known name in the motion picture world had it not been for the advice, encouragement and guidance of J. L. Frothingham.

So many players feel that the success they gain under the guidance of anyone is their own by divine right. The trouble lies in the fact that no matter how great one's ability, or how skillful the guidance received, the opening days of the fight to gain recognition are discouraging.

More Yodelings by Eustace

(Continued from Page 9)

I wuz settin' dere thinkin' 'bout all dis when da waiter guy cum 'roun' agin and asks me wot kinde cheese I wants, an' he sez sumpin' 'bout bear or breeze an' I sez: "Don't make no diffrunce," not wantin' him to git wized up dat I didn't know wot he wuz talkin' 'bout. So he brung me sum ice-cream wot had three colored stripes in it, an' sum coffee in a drinkin' glass widout no saucer, an' a piece o' cheese wot woulda skairt a mouse away—I wuz so all-powerful strong. An' a mouse do love his cheese.

But it didn't skare me none—I tackled dat cheese like it wuz nuttin' new in my life and et it rite down—smell an' all. But to tell de truth, I liked de ice-cream a heap better. An' den cum de bill and I reaches in me pocket fer de double-buck note, like a ole timer.

I don't even look at de bill. I just tosses de two-case note on de table, stretches out me legs an' says, "Keep de change."

De waiter looks at me like I wuz a fish.

"Listen, baby," he says, "dere ain't no change. Kick in wid two bits more!"

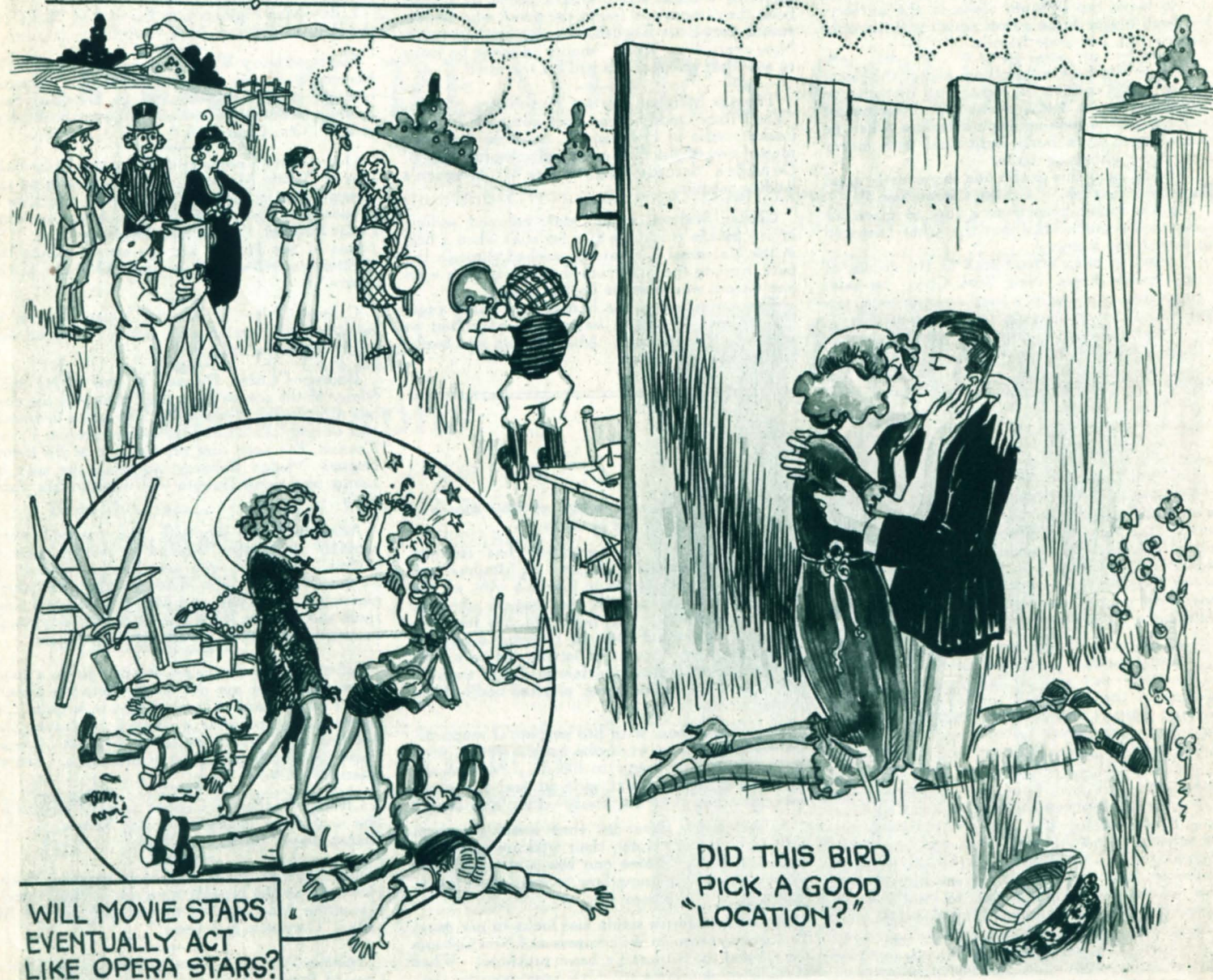
An' I has to do it just to square up.

Some feed—an' some dames—but hereafter it's me fer Childs'.

By FRED R. MORGAN.



REFUSING DICTATION, WAS THIS STAR
A FORMER STENOGRAPHER?



FANDOM NOTES

WHATEVER his views on prohibition, Rodolf Valentino, newly-created Paramount star, feels a certain amount of gratitude for the free lunch counters that used to exist in New York prior to the eighteenth amendment. When he was alone, friendless, jobless, and hungry in Manhattan, after coming to America from Italy, he gradually reached the point where he was unable to buy food. At six o'clock every night, then, he would stroll down Sixth Avenue, dodge into a saloon and, when the barkeep wasn't watching, devour a sandwich or slice of bologna. Thus did he succeed in keeping body and soul together until he found a job. Of course, he doesn't need free lunch counters now.

Thomas Meighan has compiled the following rules for the care of children:

1. A cuckoo clock is the best pacifier.
2. Never try to wash little Johnny's neck unless you have a supply of candy as a "persuader."
3. When children are taken on a pullman car, one should always have an encyclopedia handy in order to answer all questions.
4. When at dinner in a dining car children should be given free rein, for any attempt to cramp their style is sure to result in trouble.
5. Never leave children alone on a motion picture set if you expect it to remain the same.
6. When you have guests for dinner be sure not to leave the children alone in the nursery, for there is sure to be a riot, which will not only disturb you, but your friends.

John Milern was strolling along the local "place" of Positana, a tiny, but picturesque fishing village in Italy, where Mr. Fitzmaurice happened to be making some exteriors, when he was stopped by a burly individual with merry eyes and a glittering smile.

"Hello," said this gentle man in perfectly good New York English. "I think I know you."

Milern found himself at a loss to place his self-styled acquaintance, but the other hastened to refresh his memory.

"I used to have a fruit-stall at the corner of Forty-fourth Street, New York City," he said, "and every morning you used to stop with me, buy a couple of oranges and pass the time of day."

"Well, well," said Milern, shaking hands, "this is a small world, isn't it?"

Calcium Kisses

(Continued from page 14)

Of course, I do not favor that waxlike heroine who "falls" from man to man—for the simple reason that some day directors are going to run out of men and then what would they do with the poor child? But I do believe there's a tonic in the kiss, judiciously applied, and that many a poor film might have been saved had it been toned up a bit in this manner.

Just the other day I saw another offering of the purity squad. It was as purifying as a trip to the Alps—but you get more excitement and scenery in the Alps. All the loyal husbands—who sit upright and breathe deeply during the kissing-pictures—were asleep; and the women didn't have anything to envy the heroine for. So nobody had a good time, not even the poor girl herself.

When the censors ate Hollywood out of a year's square meals in ten days recently, the producers broached a plan of forming a national censorship organization. That would settle many vexatious problems. For instance, in one state a mother may kiss her child and across the border be cut out of the film for such unsanitary conduct.

Such questions as whether Gertie may hold lips with her own husband or pick on her best friend's would then be settled in the locality in which the Board would convene.

STUDIO JOTTINGS

By a Staff Correspondent

"WHY grow old?" asks Major Jack Allen, the Adventure Films star. "I once heard of an old chap living in New York who started on a trip across the continent to California—the land of oranges, raisins and movies. On reaching Chicago, he long distance telephoned to his wife: 'I feel ten years younger.' From Omaha he wired: 'I feel fifteen years younger.' From Salt Lake City he night lettered: 'I feel twenty years younger.'"

"After several days the patient wife received a telegram from a friend of her husband's in Los Angeles, which said: 'Your husband died this morning of infantile paralysis.'"

Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan and other famous chums of history had their modern replicas in Rin-tin-tin, a German police dog, and a tiny horse, both of which are featured in Benjamin B. Hampton's recently completed production of Zane Grey's "Wildfire."

The animals became so temperamentally attached to each other that when one was not on the studio set, the other would refuse to act. The horse, a fully formed little stallion, stands just twenty-five and one-half inches high and is twenty-eight and one-half inches long. He weighs only sixty pounds.

Gloria Swanson's French maid is a barometer for dramatic action in the Paramount west coast studio. Recently when Sam Wood finished directing a tense and dramatic scene he turned from the camera and found the maid, who understands very little English, weeping copious tears. Now every time Wood "shoots" a scene he looks to see what effect it has had on the maid.

Thomas Meighan's latest Paramount picture, "The Proxy Daddy," has been completed at the Lasky studio in Hollywood. Leatrice Joy, who played one of the four principal roles in Cecil B. De Mille's "Saturday Night," was Mr. Meighan's leading woman.

Gladys Walton, screen star, escaped serious injury by the thickness of a fur coat when a lion in the Universal City arena reached through the bars, ripping the coat from shoulder to hem with one vicious sweep of his barbed paw.

The star stood at the bars of a training cage. The animal is said to have been infuriated to attack by the fur coat. Miss Walton was badly frightened, but unhurt.

Which would make things awfully nice and quiet for the rest of the country.

This censorship of osculation has reached abnormal conditions in Japan. A film-husband there is never permitted to kiss his wife, as the Japanese officials believe that would tend to lower the dignity of that factotum, the Japanese husband—he would soon be copying American benedicts to the extent of letting his wife *talk*! At the Universal headquarters in Tokio there is, safely boxed, a reel of kisses, plucked bodily from many films!

Even Pollyanna, with her perpetual reappearance and unlimited wardrobe, seldom gets injured by a kiss. (She seems to like it. Perhaps she is learning at last that girls in real life don't struggle when they are kissed—they kiss back.)

Film-heroines never let their kisses get them into trouble from which their wits are unable to extricate them. Some one has said that "wise virgins nowadays know how to keep their lamps trimmed." I believe it.

A play without a single kiss looks to my mind like a cross between Will Rogers and New Orleans on a rainy day. Let us have sunshine! What do you think about it? It's your opinion that counts—not mine.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In order to insure the editors against the inquiry being a publicity trick, to win extra mention of some particular actor or actress, all questions must be signed by the writer's name and address. This is for our own information and will not be published unless desired. In case a personal answer is desired, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your question. Personal answers will be made the day the query is received. Others will be printed as soon as circumstances permit.

Jolie—Lois Wilson and Clarence Burton are the leading players in "Miss Lulu Bett," the picturized version of Zona Gale's novel.

Vera—The Maude George you ask about is a cousin of the well-known stage actress, Grace George.

Fanciful—Ernst Lubitsch is 29. He was born in Poland. Originally he was a tailor's apprentice. His first work on the stage was portraying Jewish character parts. He is now the foremost director of Europe. His latest picture is "Pharaoh's Wife." This massive historical production required the use of 112,000 extras.

Wantono—Alma Tell was the leading woman in "The Iron Trail." Betty Carpenter also plays an important role as one of the sweethearts.

Calla—Teddy, the Mack Sennett dog, is a full-blooded mastiff, stands 35½ inches high, weighs 122 pounds. He is so intelligent that a trainer is not necessary to take him through his stunts. He is directed exactly like a human being.

Lilla—Max Figman is in the cast of "Kiki" at the Belasco Theatre, New York City.

Harry—Henry Walthall has been called "The Mansfield of the Screen." He has recently returned to the screen after an extended tour in stage productions. He will have the leading role in "One Clear Call."

Owl—Betty Compson is one of the Lady Babbies of "Little Minister" fame to be seen on the screen. She is charming in the role, too. She is so satisfying that I have no desire to see the other Lady Babbie. "The Two Orphans" and "Orphans of the Storm" are the same. When the picture was released it became "Orphans of the Storm."

College Girls—"If Winter Comes" is soon to be filmed by Paramount. James Kirkwood will play the leading role.

Becker—"Lorna Doone" is well under way. Many of the scenes have been shot and the cast has already been selected. The noted dramatic star of both the silent and spoken drama, Frank Keenan, has been cast for the role of *Sir Ensor Doone*. Madge Bellamy will play the part of *Lorna*, and John Bowers will impersonate *John Ridd*.

Admirer—Jack Mulhall was married very recently to Evelyn Winans, a motion picture actress. His first wife was Bertha Vuillott, a Parisian beauty, who died shortly after their marriage. Both Mr. and Mrs. Mulhall will continue their screen work after a brief honeymoon. So you liked him in "Molly O"? I did too.

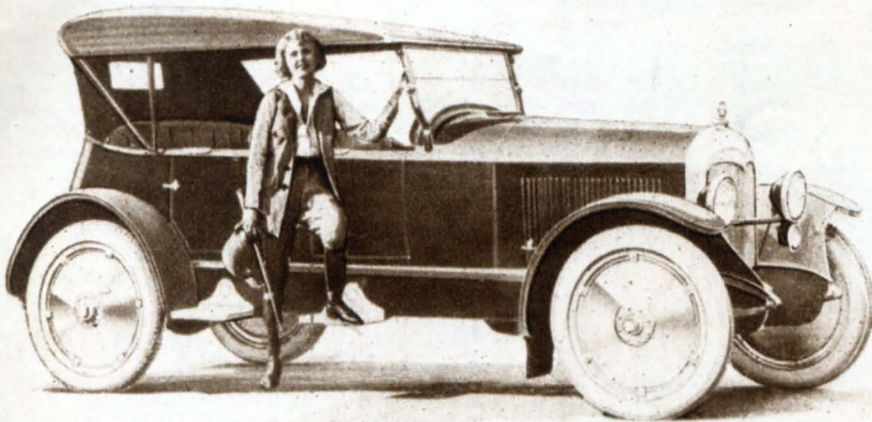
Lilyan—I can always depend on you for a good letter, and they are not so far between either. Yes, I have heard that nowadays it is quite the correct thing to wear a divorce ring over the wedding ring. Black pearls are *de rigueur*. Gloria Hope has red hair and very blue eyes. She is married.

Clover—Catherine Calvert is very beautiful. She is sharing honors with Otis Skinner in the Ibanex play, "Blood and Sand."

Alma—Pearl White has been married twice. However, at the present time she is unattached. Katherine MacDonald's newest picture will be called "Domestic Relations."

Isabella Mott—I have not heard of Grace Cunard lately. I do not know whether or not she is making a picture.

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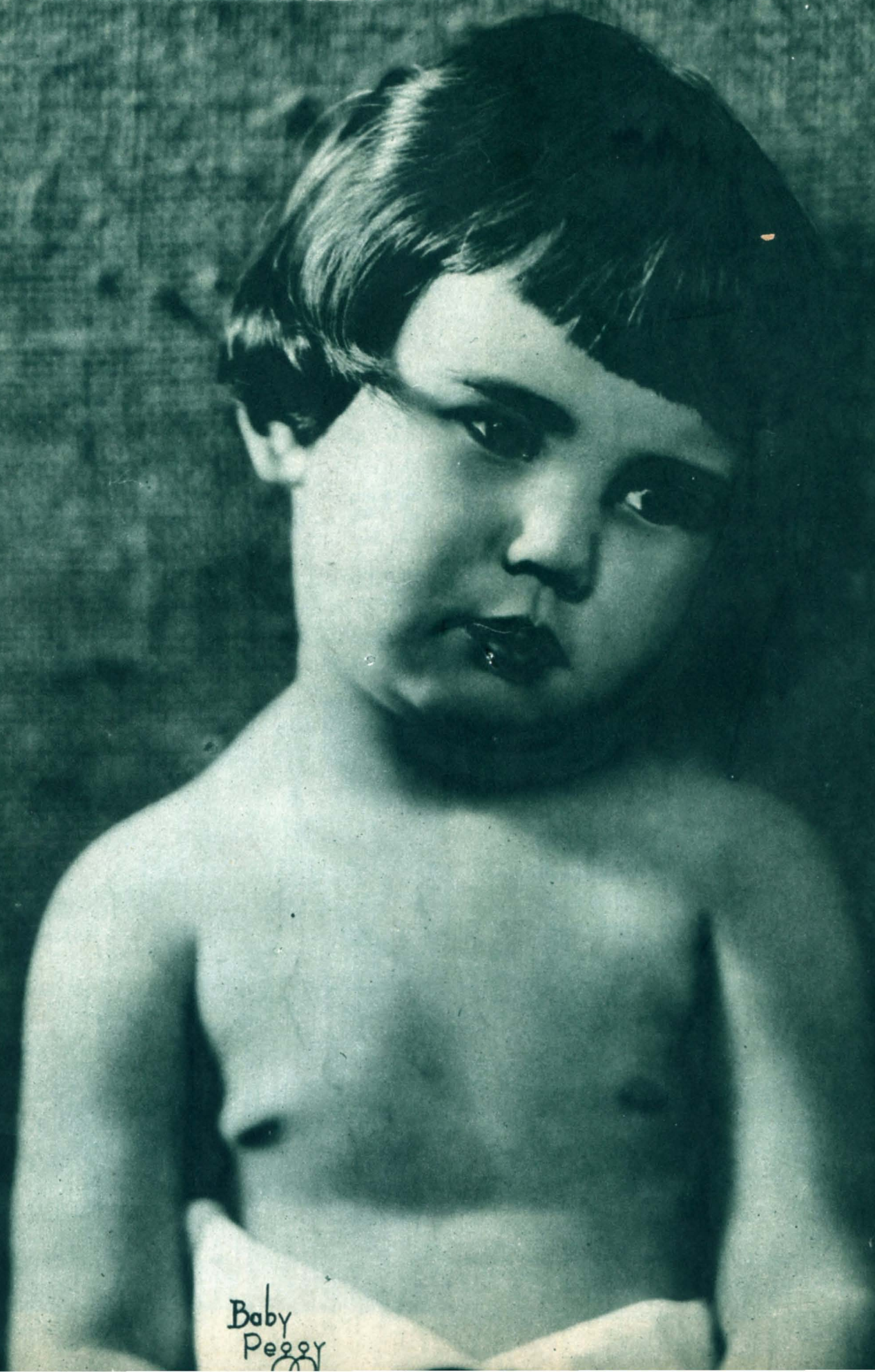
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